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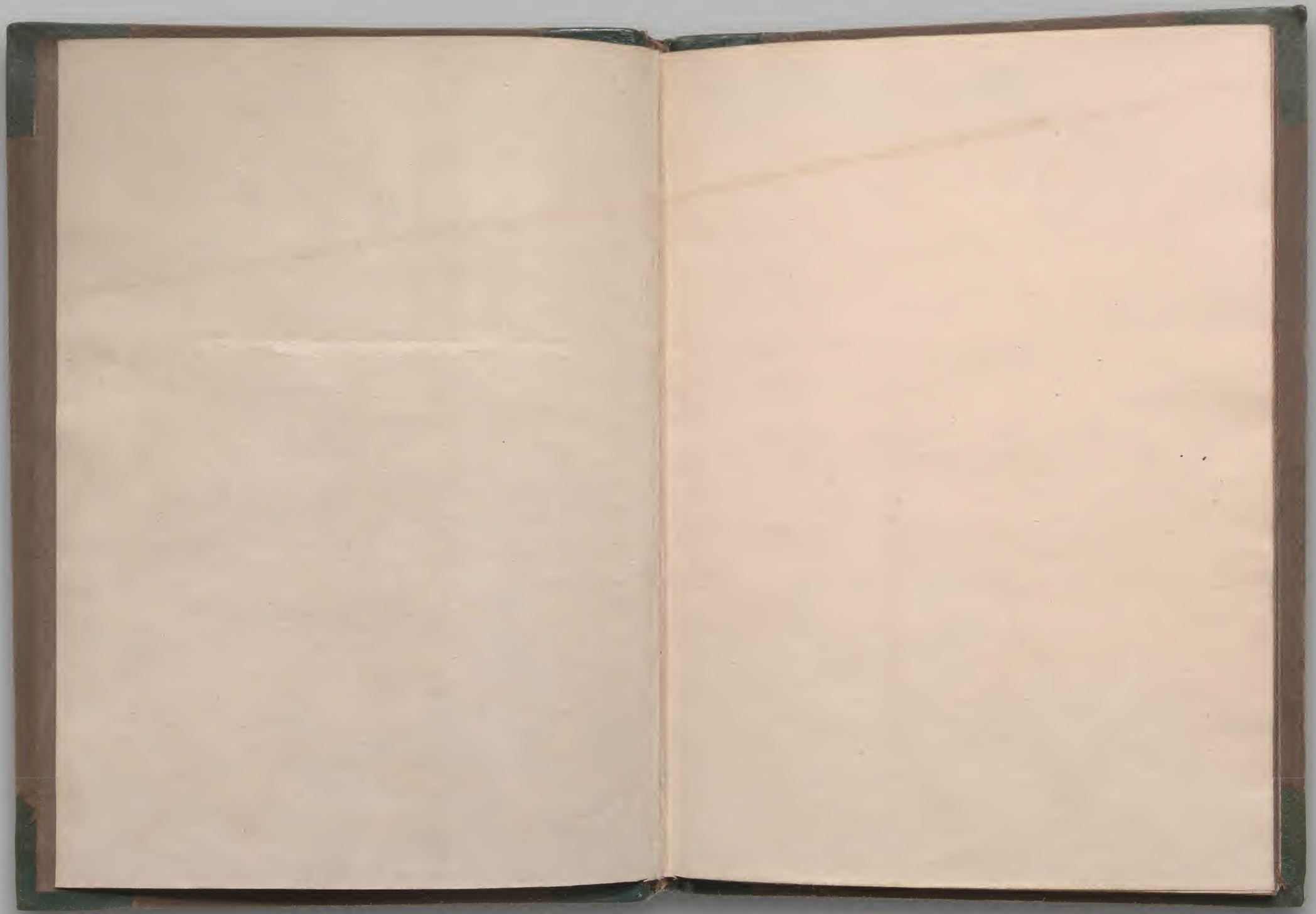
491

Johannes Patricius
Crichton Stuart
Marchio Bothæ.

House of Falkland.



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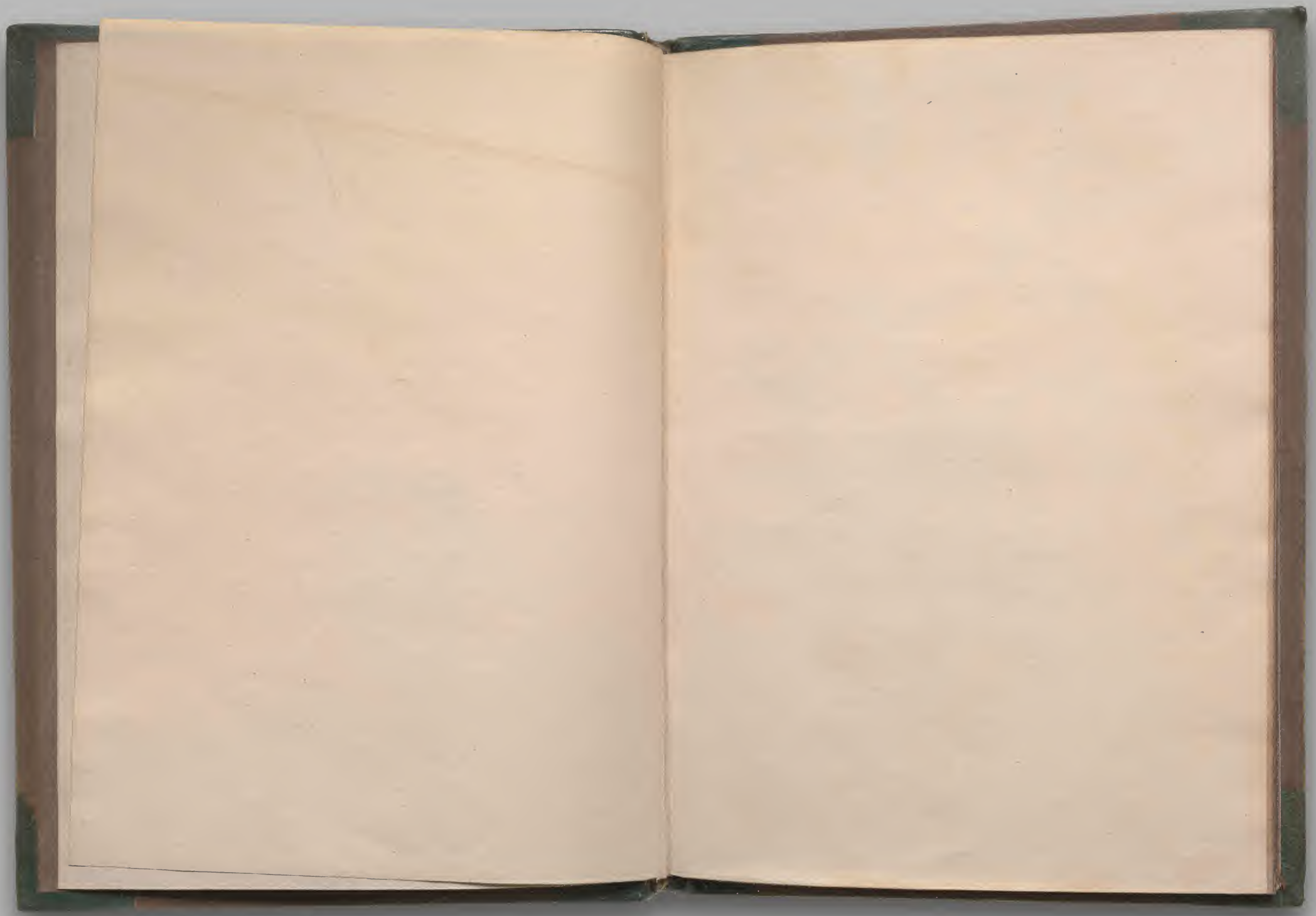

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Loues Labours loſt.

A WITTIE AND PLEASANT COMEDIE,

As it was Acted by his Maieſties Seruants at *the* Blacke-Friers *and the* Globe.

Written

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AB. 2. Dit. 4.

LONDON,

Printed by *W.S.* for *Iohn Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in Sainr *Dunſtones* Church-yard vnder the Diall.

1631.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Loues Labour's lost.

Actus Primus.

Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Berowne, Longauill, and Dumane.

Ferdinand.

LEt *Fame*, that all hunt after in their liues,
Liue regiſtred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs in the diſgrace of death:
When ſpight of cormorant deuouring Time,
Th'endeuour of this preſent breath may buy:
That honour which ſhall bate his ſythes keene edge,
And make vs heyres of all eternitie.
Therefore braue conquerors, for ſo you are,
That warre againſt your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds deſires.
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force.
Nauar ſhall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court ſhall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art.
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longauill*,
Haue ſworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:
My fellow ſcholers, and to keepe thoſe ſtatutes
That are recorded in this ſcedule heere.
Your oathes are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names
That his owne hand may ſtrike his honour downe,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:
If you are arm'd to doe, as ſworne to doe,
Subſcribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Longauill. I am resolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast:
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches haue leane pates: and daintie bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.
Dumane. My louing Lord, *Dumane* is mortified,
The grosser manner of these worlds delights,
He throwes vpon the grosse worlds baser slaues:
To loue, to wealth, to pompe I pine and die,
With all these liuing in Philosophie.
Berowne. I can but say their protestation ouer,
So much, deere Liege, I haue already sworne,
That is, to liue and study heere three yeeres.
But there are other strict obseruances:
As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no food:
And but one meale on euery day beside:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,
And not be seene to winke of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
And make a darke night too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren taskes. too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladyes, study, fast, not sleepe.
Ferd. Your oath is past, to passe away from these.
Berow. Let me say no my Liedge, and if you please,
I onely swore to study with your grace,
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.
Longa. You swore to that *Berowne*, and to the rest.
Berow. By yea and nay sir, then I swore in iest.
What is the end of study, let me know?
Fer. Why that to know which else we should not know.
Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) from common sense.
Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence.
Bero. Come on then, I will sweare to study, so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I too fast expressely am forbid.

Or

Or study where to meete some Mistresse fine,
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or hauing sworne too hard a keeping oath,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Sweare me to this, and I will nee're say no.
Ferd. These be the stops that hinder studie quite,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.
Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painefully to poare vpon a Booke,
To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight of his looke:
Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile
So ere you finde where light in darkenesse lies,
Your light growes darke by loosing of your eyes.
Studie me how to please the eye indeede,
By fixing it vpon a fairer eye,
Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And giue him light that it was blinded by,
Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy lookes:
Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
Saue base authority from others Bookes.
These Earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,
Haue no more profit of their shining nights,
Then those that walke and wot not what they are,
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And euery Godfather can giue a name.
Fer. How well hee's read, to reason against reading.
Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.
Lon. Hee weedes the corne, and still lets grow the weeding.
Ber. The spring is neare when greene geese are a breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Ber. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.
Ber. Something then in rime.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Ferd. Berowne is like an enuious sneaping Frost,
That bites the first borne Infants of the Spring.
Ber. Well, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,
Before the birds haue any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortiue birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Then wish a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes:
But like of each thing that in season growes.
So you to studie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate.
Fer. Well, sit you out, goe home *Berowne*: adue.
Ber. No my good Lord, I haue sworne to stay with you:
And though I haue for Barbarisme spoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue sworne,
And bide the penance of each three yeares daye.
Giue me the paper, let me reade the same,
And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.
Fer. How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame.
Ber. Item. That no woman shall come within a mile of my Court.
Hath this beene proclaimed?
Lon. Foure dayes agoe.
Ber. Let's see the penaltie.
On paine of loosing her tongue.
Who deuis'd this penaltie?
Lon. Marry that did I.
Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?
Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
A dangerous law against gentilitie.
Item, If any man be seene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeeres, he shall endure such publike shame, as the rest of the Court shall possibly deuise.
Ber. This Article my Liedge your selfe must breake,
For well you know here comes in Embassie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your selfe to speake:
A Maide of grace and compleate maiestie,
About surrender vp of *Aquitaine*:
To her decrepit, sicke, and bed-rid Father,

Therefore

Therefore this article is made in vaine,
Or vainely comes th'admired Princesse hither.
Fer. What say you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.
Ber. So studie euermore is ouershot,
While it doth study to haue what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as townes with fire, so won, so lost.
Fer. Wee must of force dispence with this Decree,
She must lye here on meere necessity.
Ber. Necessity will make vs both forsworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
For euery man with his affects is borne,
Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,
I am forsworne on meere necessitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternall shame.
Suggestions are to others as to mee:
But I beleeue although I seeme so loth,
I am the last that will last keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation granted?
Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a refined trauailer of *Spaine*,
A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:
One, who the Musicke of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth rauish like inchanting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue chose as vmpire of their mutinie.
This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate.
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawny *Spaine* lost in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords I know not I,
But I protest I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vse him for my Minstrelsie.

Ber.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Ber. *Armado* is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, faſhions owne Knight.
Lon. *Coſtard* the ſwaine and he, ſhall be our ſport,
And ſo to ſtudie, three yeeres is but ſhort.

Enter a Conſtable with Coſtard with a Letter.

Conſt. Which is the Dukes owne perſon?
Ber. This fellow, What would'ſt?
Con. I my ſelfe reprehend his owne perſon, for I am his graces Tharborough: but I would ſee his owne perſon in fleſh and blood.
Ber. This is he.
Con. Signeor *Arme*, *Arme* commends you:
There's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.
Clow. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching mee.
Fer. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.
Ber. How low ſoeuer the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Lon. A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs patience.
Ber. To heare or forbeare hearing.
Lon. To heare meekely ſir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbeare both.
Ber. Well ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall giue vs cauſe to clime in the merrineſſe.
Clow. The matter is to me ſir, as concerning *Iaquenetta*. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.
Ber. In what manner?
Clo. In manner and forme following ſir, all thoſe three. I was ſeene with her in the Mannor houſe, ſitting with her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put together is in manner and forme following. Now ſir for the manner; it is the manner of a man to ſpeake to a woman, for the forme in ſome forme.
Ber. For the following ſir.
Clow. As it ſhall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.
Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?
Ber. As wee would heare an Oracle,

Clo. Such is the ſimplicitie of man to harken after the fleſh.

Ferdinan.

GReat Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and ſole dominator of Nauar, *my ſoules earths God, and bodies foſtring patrone:*
Coſt. Not a word of *Coſtard* yet.
Ferd. *So it is.*
Coſt. It may be ſo: but if he ſay it is ſo, he is in telling true: but ſo.
Ferd. Peace.
Clow. Be to me, and euery man that dares not fight.
Ferd. No words,
Clow. Of other mens ſecrets I beſeech you.
Ferd. *So it is beſieged with ſable coloured melancholy, I did commend the blacke oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome Phyſicke of thy health-giuing ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my ſelfe to walke: the time when? about the ſixt houre, when beaſts moſt graſe, birds beſt pecke, and men ſit downe to that nouriſhment which is called ſupper: ſo much for the time When. Now for the ground which? which I meane I walkt vpon, it is yclipèd, Thy Parke. Then for the place where? where I meane I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous euent that draweth from my ſnow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurueyeſt, or ſeeſt. But to the place where? It ſtandeth North North-eaſt and by Eaſt from the Weſt corner of thy curious knotted garden; there did I ſee that low ſpirited Swaine, that baſe Minow of thy myrth, (Clown.* Mee? *) that vnlettered ſmall knowing ſoule, (Clow.* Me? *) that ſhallow vaſſall (Clow.* Still mee? *) which as I remember, hight* Coſtard, *(Clow.* O me *) ſorted and conſorted contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed Edict and continent Cannon: Which with, ô with, but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith:*
Clo. With a Wench.
Ferd. *With a childe of our Grandmother* Eue, *a female; or for thy more ſweete vnderſtanding a woman: him, I (as my euer eſteemed duty prickes me on) haue ſent to thee, to receiue the meed of puniſhment by thy ſweete Graces Officer* Anthony Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & eſtimation.*
Anth. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you? I am *Anthony Dull.*
Ferd. For Iaquenetta *(ſo is the weaker veſſell called) which I*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keepe her as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.

Don Adriano de Armado.

Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard.

Per. I the best for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clow. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Per. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Per. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonment to be taken with a Wench.

Clow. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damosell.

Per. Well, it was proclaimed Damosell.

Clow. This was no Damosell neyther sir, she was a Virgin.

Per. It is so varied too, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clow. If it were, I denie her Virginity: I was taken with a Maide.

Per. This Maid shall not serue your turne sir.

Clow. This Maide will serue my turne sir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clow. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton & Porridge.

Kin. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berowne*, see him deliuer'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
These oathes and lawes will proue an idle scorne.
Sirra come on.

Clow. I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, & *Iaquenetta* is a true girle, and therefore welcome the sowre cup of prosperitie, affliction may one day smile againe, and vntill then sit downe sorrow. *Exit.*

Enter Armado and Moth his page.

Arma. Boy, What signe is it when a Man of great spirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.

Brag. Why? sadnesse is one and the selfe-same thing deare imp.

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

Brag. How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy my tender *Iuuenall*?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signeur.

Brag. Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?

Boy. Why tender *Iuuenall*? Why tender *Iuuenall*?

Brag. I spoke it tender *Iuuenall*, as a congruent apatheton, appertaining to thy yong daies, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough signeur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough,

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Brag. Thou prettie because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my prayse Master?

Brag. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same praise.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eele is quicke.

Brag. I doe say thou art quicke in answers. Thou heat'st my blood.

Boy. I am answer'd sir.

Brag. I loue not to be crost.

Boy. He speakes the meere contrary, crosses loue not him.

Br. I haue promis'd to study iij. yeeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre sir.

Brag. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice tolde?

Bra. I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamester sir.

Brag. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse sum of deuse-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three.

Br. True. *Boy.* Why sir is this such a peece of study? Now heer's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yeeres to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words the dancing horse will tell you.

Brag. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Brag. I will hereupon confesse I am in loue: and as it is base for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a base Wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliuer me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransome him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtsie. I thinke scorne to sigh, me thinks I should out-sweare *Cupid*. Comfort mee Boy, What great men haue beene in loue?

Boy. Hercules Master.

Brag. Most sweet *Hercules*: more authoritie deere Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampson Master he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampson*, strong ioynted *Sampson*; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampsons* loue my deare *Moth*.

Boy. A Woman Master.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell mee precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, me thinkes *Sampson* had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.

Brag. My loue is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd vnder such colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist mee.

Brag. Sweet inuocation of a childe, most pretty and pathetical.

Boy. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will nere be knowne:
For blush-in cheekes by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white showne:
Then if she feare, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheekes possesse the same,
Which natiue she doth owe:

A dangerous rime master against the reason of white and red.

Brag. Is there not a Ballet Boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Boy. The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I doe loue that Country girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde *Costard*: she deserues well.

Boy. To be whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Master.

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit growes heauy in loue.

Boy. And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.

Brag. I say sing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be past.

Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.

Const. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe *Costard* safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee must fast three dayes a weeke: for this Damsell, I must keepe her at the Parke, she is alowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well.

Exit.

Brag. I doe betray my selfe with blushing: Maide.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Maid. Man.
Brag. I will visit thee at the Lodge.
Maid. That's hereby.
Brag. I know where it is situate.
Mai. Lord how wise you are.
Brag. I will tell thee wonders.
Ma. With what face?
Brag. I loue thee.
Mai. So I heard you say.
Brag. And so farewell.
Mai. Faire weather after you.
Clo. Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*
Brag. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.
Clo. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full stomacke.
Brag. Thou shalt be heauily punished.
Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.
Brag. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.
Boy. Come you transgressing slaue away.
Clow. Let me not be pent vp sir, I will fast being loose.
Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.
Clow. Well, if euer I doe see the merrie dayes of desolation that I haue seene, some shall see.
Boy. What shall some see?
Clow. Nay nothing, Master *Moth*, but what they looke vpon. It is for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*
Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworne (which is a great argument of falshood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsely attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and he hast a very good witte. *Cupids* Butshaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The first

first and second cause will not serue my turne: the *Passado* he respects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue Valour, rust Rapier, be still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea he loueth. Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Primus.

Actus Secundus.

Enter the Princesse of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits,
Consider who the King your father sends:
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.
Your selfe held precious in the worlds esteeme;
To parlee with the sole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchlesse *Nauarre*, the plea of no lesse weight
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starue the generall world beside,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.
Queene. Good L. *Boyet*, my thought but meane,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not vttered by base sayle of chapmens tongues:
I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*,
Prin. You are not ignorant all telling fame
Doth noyse abroad *Nauar* hath made a vow,
Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeeres,

No

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

No woman may approach his ſilent Court:
Therefore to's ſeemeth it a needfull courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthineſſe, we ſingle you,
As our beſt mouing faire ſoliciter;
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On ſerious buſineſſe craning quicke diſpatch,
Importunes perſonall conference with his grace.
Haſte, ſignifie ſo much while we attend,
Like humble viſag'd ſuters his high will.

Boy, Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo:
Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vow-fellowes,
with this vertuous Duke?

Lor. Longauill is one.

Princ. Know you the man?

1 *Lady.* I know him Madame at a marriage feaſt,
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the beauteous heire
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* ſolemnized.
In *Normandie* ſaw I this *Longauill*,
A man of ſoueraigne parts he is eſteem'd:
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely ſoile of his faire vertues gloſſe,
If vertues gloſſe will ſtaine with any ſoyle,
Is a ſharpe wit match'd with too blunt a Will:
Whoſe edge hath power to cut whoſe will ſtill wills,
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, is't ſo?

Lad. 1. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humors know.

Prin. Such ſhort liu'd wits doe wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?

2. *Lad.* The yong *Dumaine*, a well accompliſht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued,
Moſt power to doe moſt harme, leaſt knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace though ſhe had no wit.
I ſaw him at the Duke *Alanſoes* once,

And much too litle of that good I ſaw,
Is my report to his great worthineſſe.

Roſſa. Another of the Students at that time,
Was there with him as I haue heard a truth.
Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the Limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer ſpent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occaſion for his wit,
For euery obiect that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing ieſt.
Which his faire tongue (conceits expoſitor)
Deliuers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play truant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite raviſhed.
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

Prin. God bleſſe my Ladies, are they all in loue?
That euery one her owne hath garniſhed,
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe.

Ma. Heere comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?

Boyet. Nauar had notice of your faire approach;
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all addreſt to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: marry thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to beſiege his Court,
Then ſeeke a diſpenſation for his oath:
To let you enter his vnpeopled houſe.

Enter Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine, and Berowne.

Heere comes *Nauar*.

Nau. Faire Princeſſe, welcom to the Court of *Nauar*.

Prin. Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I haue not
yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to be yours, and welcome
to the wide fields, too baſe to be mine.

Nau. You ſhall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Prin. I will be welcome then. Conduct me thither.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Nau. Heare me deare Lady, I haue sworne an oath,
Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, hee'll be forsworne.
Nau. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.
Prin. Why will shall breake it will, and nothing els.
Nau. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath sworne out House-keeping:
'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And sinne to breake it:
But pardon me I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainly resolue me in my suite.
Nau, Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.
Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'le proue periur'd if you make me stay.
Berow. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Rosa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Ber. I know you did.
Rosa. How needlesse was it then to aske the question?
Ber. You must not be so quicke.
Rosa. 'Tis long of you that spurre mee with such questions.
Ber Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Rosa. Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.
Ber. What time a day?
Rosa. The houre that fooles should aske.
Ber. Now faire befall your maske.
Rosa. Faire falls the face it couers.
Ber. And send you many Louers.
Rosa. Amen, so you be none.
Ber. Nay then will I begone.
Kin. Madame your father here doth intimate,
The payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but th'one halfe of an intire summe,
Disbursed by my father in his warres.
But say that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiu'd that summe; yet there remaines vnpaid
A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,

One part of *Aquitane* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will restore
But that one halfe which is but satisfied,
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,
And hold faire friendship with his Maiestie:
But that it seemes he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to haue repaie,
An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
One payment of an hundred thousand Crownes,
To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our fathers lent,
Then *Aquitaine*, so guelded as it is.
Deare Princesse, were not his requests so farre
From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make
A yeelding 'gainst some reason in my breast,
And goe well satisfied to *France* againe.
Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so vnseeming to confesse receit
Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.
Kin. I doe protest I neuer heard of it,
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeeld vp *Aquitaine*.
Prin. We arrest your word:
Boyet, You can produce acquittances
For such a summe from speciall Officers,
Of *Charles* his Father.
Kin. Satisfie me soe.
Boyet. So please your grace the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound.
To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.
Kin. It shall suffice me; at which enterview,
All liberall reason would I yeeld vnto:
Meane time, receiue such welcome at my hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse.
You may not come faire Princesse in my gates,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

But here without you shall be so receiu'd,
As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house:
Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visit you againe.
Prin. Sweet health and faire desires consort your grace.
Kin. Thy owne wish wish I thee, in euery place. *Exit.*
Boy. Lady, I will commend you to mine owne heart.
La.Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to see it.
Boy. I would you heard it grone.
La.Ro. Is the soule sicke?
Boy. Sicke at the heart.
La.Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.
Boy. Would that doe it good?
La.Ro. My Physicke sayes I.
Boy. Will you prick't with your eye?
La. Ro. No poynt, with my knife:
Boy. Now God saue thy life.
La.Ro. And yours from long liuing.
Ber. I cannot stay thanksgiuing. *Exit.*

Enter Dumaine.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that same?
Boy. The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.
Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounsier fare you well.
Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?
Boy. A woman sometime if you saw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light I desire her name.
Boy. She hath but one for her selfe,
To desire that were a shame.
Long. Pray you sir whose daughter?
Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard.
Long. Gods blessing on your beard.
Boy. Good sir be not offended,
She is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
She is a most sweet Lady. *Exit Long.*
Boy. Not vnlike sir, that may be.

Enter

Enter Berowne.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.
Boy. *Katherine* by good hap.
Ber. Is she wedded, or no.
Boy. To her will sir, or so.
Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.
Boy. Farewell to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*
La. Ma. That last is *Berowne*, the mery mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a iest.
Boy. And euery iest but a word.
Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.
La.Mn. Two hot sheepes marie.
And wherefore not Ships:
Boy. No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) vnlesse we feede on your lips.
La. You sheep & I pasture: shall that finish the iest?
Boy. So you grant pasture for me?
La. Not so gentle beast.
My lips are no Common, though seu erall they be,
Boy. Belonging to whom?
La. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be iangling but Gentles agree.
This ciuill warre of wits were much better vsed.
On *Navar* and his Bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.
Bo. If my obseruation (which very seldome lies
By the hearts still Rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)
Deceiue me not now, *Navar is* infected.
Prin. With what?
Bo. With that which we Louers in title affected.
Prin. Your reason.
Bo. Why all his behauiours doe make the retire,
To the Court of his eye, peeping through desire.
His heart like an Agot with your print impressed,
Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expressed.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see.
Did stumble with haste in his eye sight to be,
All sences to that sence did make their repaire,
To feele onely looking on fairest of faire:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Me thought all his ſenſes were lockt in his eye,
As iewels in Chriſtall for ſome Prince to buy. (glaſt,
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you paſt.
His faces owne margent did quote ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes inchanted with gazes.
Ile giue you *Aquitaine*, all that is his,
And you giue him for my ſake, but one louing Kiſſe,

Prin. Come to our pauillion, *Boyet* is diſpoſde.

Bro. But to ſpeake that in words, which his eye hath diſcloſ'd.
I onely haue made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Lad.Ro. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and ſpeakeſt skilfully.

Lad. Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learnes newes of him.

Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad Wenches?

*Lad.*1. No.

Boy. What then, do you ſee?

*Lad.*2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Braggart and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble child, make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweet ayre, go tenderneſſe of yeeres: take this Key, giue enlargement to the ſwaine, bring him feſtinately hither: I muſt imploy him in a letter to my Loue.

Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?

Bra. How meaneſt thou brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat maſter, but to Iigge off a tune at the tongues

tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour it with turning vp your eye: ſigh a note and ſing a note ſometime through the throate: if you ſwallowed loue with ſinging, loue ſometime through: noſe as if you ſnuft vp loue by ſmelling loue with your hat penthouſe-like ore the ſhop of your eyes, with your armes croſt on your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a ſpit, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: theſe are complements, theſe are humours, theſe betray nice wenches that would be betrayed without theſe, and make them men of note: do you note men that moſt are affected to theſe?

Brag. How haſt thou purchas'd this experience?

Boy. By my pen of obſeruation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobbie-horſe is forgot.

Bra. Cal'ſt thou my loue Hobbie-horſe.

Boy. No Maſter the Hobbie-horſe is but a Colt, and your Loue perhaps a Hacknie:
But haue you forgot your Loue?

Brag. Almoſt I had.

Boy. Negligent ſtudent, learne her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Maſter: all thoſe three I will proue.

Brag. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vpon the inſtant: by heart you loue her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, becauſe your heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her, being out of heart that you cannot enioy her.

Brag. I am all theſe three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Boy. Fetch hither the Swaine he muſt carrie mee a Letter.

Boy. A meſſage well ſympathis'd, a Horſe to be embaſſadour for an Aſſe.

Brag. Ha, ha, What ſaiſt thou?

Boy. Marrie ſir, you muſt ſend the Aſſe vpon the Horſe for he is verie ſlow gated: but I goe,

Brag. The way is but ſhort, away.

Boy. As ſwift as lead ſir.

Brag.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenuous, is not Lead, a mettall
heauie dull, and slow?
Boy. Minime honest Master, or rather Master no.
Brag. I say Lead is slow.
Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.
Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne?
Brag. Sweete smoake of Rhetoricke,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's hee:
I shoote thee at the Swaine.
Boy. Thumpe then and I flee.
Bra. A most acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Master, heere's a *Costard* broken in a shin.
Ar. Some enigma, some Riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin.
Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *Lenuoy*, no salue, in thee male
sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no *lenuoy*, no
Salue sir, but a Plantan:
Ar. By vertue thou enforcest laughter, thy sillie thought, my
spleene, the heauing of my lungs prouokes me to ridiculous
smiling: O pardon me my stars, doth the vnconsiderate take *salue*
for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for a *salue*?
Page. Doe the wise thinke them other, , is not *lenuoy* a *salue*?
Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plaine,
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.
Now will I begin your morall and doe you follow with my
lenuoy.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee.
Were still at oddes being but three.
Arm. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.
Pag. A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Goose: would you de-
sire more:
Clo. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat
Sir, your pennie-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a Bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me see a fat *Lenuoy*, I that's a fat Goose.
Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?
Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then cal'd you for the *Lenuoy*.
Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.
Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?
Pag. I will tell you sencibly.
Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*.
I will speake that *Lenuoy*.
I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,
Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.
Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.
Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.
Arm. Sirra *Costard* I will infranchise thee.
Clow. O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Lenuoy*,
some Goose in this.
Arm. By my sweet soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie,
Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, restrained, cap-
tiuated, bound.
Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let
me loose.
Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in
lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Beare this signifi-
cant to the Country Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remuneration,
for the best ward of my honours is rewarding my dependants.
Moth, follow.
Pag. Like the sequell I.
Signeur *Costard* adiew. *Exit.*
Clow. My sweet ounce of mans flesh, my in-conie Iew: Now
will I looke to his remuneration. Remuneration, O, that's the La-
tine word for three farthings: three farthings remuneratiõ, what's
the price of this yncle? i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration:
Why? It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then
a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and sell out of this word.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Coſtard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you ſir, How much carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marrie ſir, halfe pennie farthing.

Ber. O, why then three farthings worth of Silke.

Caſt. I thanke your worſhip, God be wy you.

Ber. O ſtay ſlaue, I muſt imploy thee;
As thou wilt my fauour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I ſhall intreate.

Clow. When would you haue it done ſir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clo. Well, I will doe it ſir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knoweſt not what it is.

Clow. I ſhall know ſir, when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine thou muſt know firſt.

Clo. I will come to your worſhip to morrow morning.

Ber. It muſt be done this after-noone:
Harke ſlaue, it is but this;
The Princes comes to hunt heere in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her, aske for her:
And to her whyte hand ſee thou doe commend
This ſeal'd-vp counſaile, There's thy guerdon: goe.

Clow. Gardon, O ſweet gardon, better then remuneration, a leuenpence-farthing better: moſt ſweet gardon. I will doe it ſir in print: gardon, remuneration. *Exit.*

Ber. O, and I forſooth in loue,
I that haue beene loues whip?
A verie Beadle to a humorous ſigh: A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Conſtable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall ſo magnificent.
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waward Boy,
This ſignior *Iunios* gyant dwarfe Don *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed ſoueraigne of ſighes and groanes:

Liedge

Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces,
Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parritors (O my little heart)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his Colours like a Tumblers hoope,
What? I loue, I ſue, I ſeeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germaine Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may ſtill goe right:
Nay, to be periurde, which is worſt of all:
And among three, to loue the worſt of all,
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow.
With two pitch balls ſtucke in her face for eyes;
I, and by heauen one that will doe the deede,
Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her guarde
And I to ſigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, ſigh, pray, ſue grone,
Some men muſt loue my Lady, and ſome Ione.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princeſſe, a Forreſter, her Ladies, and her Lords.

Qu. Was that the King that ſpurd his horſe ſo hard,
Againſt the ſteepe vpriſing of the hill?

Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Qu. Who ere a was, a ſhew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lords to day we ſhall haue our diſpatch,
On Saturday we will returne to *France*.
Then *Forreſter* my friend, Where is the Buſh,
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

For. Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the faireſt ſhoote.
Qu. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that ſhoote,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoote.
For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not ſo.
Qu. What, what? Firſt praiſe me, and then again ſay no.
O ſhort liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.
For. Yes Madam faire.
Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glaſſe) take this for telling true:
Faire paiment for foule words, is more then due.
For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.
Qu. See, ſee my beautie will be ſau'd by merit.
O hereſie in faire, fit for theſe dayes,
A giuing hand, though foule, ſhall haue faire praiſe.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I ſaue my credit in the ſhoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my skill,
That more for praiſe, then purpoſe meant to kill.
And out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes:
Glorie growes guiltie of deteſted crimes,
When for Fames ſake, for prayſe an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeeke to ſpill
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.
Boy. Do not curſt wiues hold that ſelfe-ſouereignitie
Only for praiſe ſake, when they ſtriue to be
Lords ore their Lords?
Qu. Only for praiſe, and praiſe we may afford,
To any Lady that ſubdues a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.
Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head Lady?
Qu. Thou ſhalt know her fellow, by the reſt that haue no heads.
Clo. Which is the greateſt Lady, the higheſt?

Qu.

Qu. The thickeſt, and the talleſt.
Clo. The thickeſt, & the talleſt: it is ſo, truth is truth.
And your waſte Miſtris, were as ſlender as my wit,
One a theſe Maides girdles for your waſte ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickeſt here?
Qu. What's your will ſir? What's your will?
Clo. I haue a Letter from Mounſier *Berowne*,
To one Lady *Roſaline*.
Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a ſide good bearer.
Boyet, you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.
Boyet. I am bound to ſerue.
This Letter is miſtooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Iaquenetta:*
Qu. We will reade it, I ſweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.

Boyet reades.

BY heauen, that thou art faire, is moſt infallible: true that thou art beauteous, truth it ſelfe that thou art louely: more faire then faire, beautifull then beauteous, truer then truth it ſelfe: haue comiſeration on thy heroicall Vaſſall. The magnanimous & moſt illuſtrious King *Cophetua* ſet eie vpon the pernicious & indubitate Beggar *Zenelophon*: and he it was, that might rightly ſay, *Veni, vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O baſe and obſcure vulgar; *videlicet*, He came, See, and ouercame: he came one; ſee two; ouercame three: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the Beggar. What ſaw he? the Beggar. Who ouercame he? the Beggar. The concluſion is victorie: on whoſe ſide? the Kings: the captiuitie is inricht: On whoſe ſide? the Beggars. The cataſtrophe is a Nuptiall: on whoſe ſide? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for ſo ſtands the compariſon) thou the Beggar, for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlines. Shall I command thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could. Shal I entreate thy loue? I will. What, ſhalt thou exchange for ragges, roabes: for tittles titles: for thy ſelfe mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy euery part.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Thine in the deareſt deſigne of induſtrie.

Don Adriano de Armatho.

Thus doſt thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainſt thee thou Lambe that ſtandeſt as his pray:
Submiſſiue fall his princely feet before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtriue (poore ſoule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is he that indited this Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you euer heare better?

Boy I am much deceiued, but I remember the ſtile.

Qu. Elſe your memory is bad, going ore it ere while.

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keepes here in court: A Phantaſime a Monorcho, and one that makes ſport To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word. Who gaue thee this Letter?

Clow. I told you my Lord.

Qu. To whom ſhould'ſt thou giue it;

Clow. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady.

Clo. From my Lord *Berowne* a good maſter of mine, To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Roſaline*.

Qu. Thou haſt miſtaken his Letter. Come Lords away. Heere ſweet, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day. *Exeunt.*

Boy. Who is the ſhooter? Who is the ſhooter?

Roſa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of Beautie.

Roſa. Why ſhe that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie, Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miſcarrie. Finely put on.

Roſa. Well then, I am the ſhooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Roſa. If we chooſe by the hornes, your ſelfe come not neare. Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You ſtill wrangle with her *Boyet*, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

Boyet.

Boyet. But ſhe her ſelfe is hit lower. Haue I hit her now.

Roſa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may anſwere thee with one as old that was a woman when Queene *Guinouer* of *Brittaine* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Roſa. Thou canſt not hit it, hit it, hit it, Thou canſt not hit it my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot: And I cannot, another can. *Exit.*

Clo. By my troth moſt pleaſant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A marke marueilous well ſhot, for they both did hit.

Boy. A Mark, O marke but that marke: a marke ſayes my Lady. Let the marke haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clo. Indeede a'muſt ſhoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Clow. Then will ſhe get the vpſhoot by cleauing the is in.

Ma. Come, come, you talke greaſily, your lips grow foule.

Clow. She's too hard for you at pricks, ſir challenge her to boule.

Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good Oule.

Clo. By my ſoule a Swaine, a moſt ſimple Clowne. Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe. O my troth moſt ſweet ieſts, moſt inconie vulgar wit, When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were ſo fit. *Armathor* ath to the ſide, O a moſt dainty man. To ſee him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan. To ſee him kiſſe his hand, and how moſt ſweetly a will ſweare: And his Page at other ſide, that handfull of wit, Ah heauens, it is moſt patheticall nit. Sowla, ſowla. *Exeunt.*

Shoote with him.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent ſport truely, and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

Ped.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood ripe as a Pomewater, who now hangeth like a Jewell in the eare of *Celo* the skie; the welken, the heauen, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epithithes are sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but Sir I assure ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.

Hol. Sir, *Nathaniel, haud credo.*

Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were his inclination after his vndressed, vnpolished, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or ratherest vnconfirmed fashion, to insert againe my *haud credo* for a Deare.

Dul. I said the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou looke.

Nath. Sir, he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.
He hath not eate paper as it were:
He hath not drunke inke.
His intellect is not replenished, he is onely an animall, onely sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants are set before vs, that we thankfull should be: which we taste and feeling, are for those parts that fructifie in vs more then he.
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiscreet, or a foole;
So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a Schoole.
But *omne bene* say I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

Dul. You two are booke-men: can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fiue weekes old as yet?

Hol. Dictissima good man *Dull*, *Dictissima* goodman *Dull.*

Dul. What is *Dictima?*

Nath. A title to *Phœbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone.*

Hol. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no more,
And wrought not to fiue weekes when he came to fiuescore.
Th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dul.

Dul. 'Tis true indeed, the Collusion holds in the Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I say th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. And I say the pollusion holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is neuer but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princesse kill'd,

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epitaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princesse kill'd the Pricket.

Nath. Perge, good M. *Holofernes*, *perge*, so it shall please you to abrogate scurilitie.

Hol. I will something affect the Letter, for it argues facilitie.

The prayfull Princesse pearst and prickt
a prettie pleasing Pricket,
Some say a Sore, but not a sore,
till now made sore with shooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorell iumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-sore, or else Sorell,
The people fall a hooting,
If Sore be sore, then ell to Sore,
makes fiftie sores O sorell:
Of one sore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I haue simple: simple, a foolish extrauagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, obiects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, reuolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nourisht in the wombe of Primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Hol. Sir, I pray se the Lord for you, and soe may my parishioners, for their sonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Nath. Me hercle, If their sonnes be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*, a soule Feminine saluteth vs.

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaqu. God giue you good morrow. M. *Person*.

Nath. Master Person, *quasi* Person? And if one should be perst, Which is the one?

Clow. Marry M. Schoolemaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Nath. Of persing a Hogshead, a good lustre of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Iaqu. Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armatho*: I beseech you reade it.

Nath. Facile precor gleida, quando peccas omnia sub vmbra ruminat, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the traueller doth of *Venice, vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perroche*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderstandeth thee not, *vt re sol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

Hol. I sir, and verie learned.

Nath. Let me heare a staffe, a stanze, a verse, *Lege Domine*.

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?
Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.
Those thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Osiers bowed.
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures liue, That Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the Marke, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.
Which is to me some prayse, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire.
Celestiall as thou art, O pardon Loue this wrong,
That sings heauens praise with such an earthly tongue.

Ped.

Ped. You finde not the Apostrophas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the canzonet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facilitie, and golden cadence of poesie *caret*: *Ouidius Naso* was the man. And why indeede *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitaries nothing: so doth the Hound his Master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But *Damosella Virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iaqu. I sir, from one Mounsier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the superscript.

To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline. I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written vnto.

Your Ladiships it all desired imployment, Berowne.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and goe my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgiue thy duetie, adue.

Maid. Good *Costard* go with me:
Sir God saue your life.

Cost. Haue with thee my girle. *Exit.*

Hol. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very religiously: and as a certaine Father saith.

Ped. Sir tell me not of the Father, I doe feare colourable colors. But to return to the verses, did they please you sir *Nathaniel*?

Nat. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill, vndertake your *bien venuto*, where I will proue those Verses to be very vnlearned, neither sauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text) is the happinesse of life.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir I doe inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am coursing my selfe.
They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile a foule word: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole: well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aiax*, it kils sheepe, it kills mee, I a sheep: well proued againe a my side. I will not loue; if I doe hang mee: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught me to Rime, and to be mallichollie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already the Clowne bore it, the foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He Stands aside. *The King entreth.*

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heauen: proceede sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith secrets.

King. So sweet a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,
To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes,
Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparant bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou shin'st in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will show:

But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell;
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heer?

Enter Longauile. *The King steps aside.*

What *Longauill*, and reading: listen eare.

Ber. Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworne.

Ber. Why, he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.

Long. In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.

Ber. One drunkard loues another of the name.

Lon. Am I the first, that haue beene periur'd so?

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know,
Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp simplicitie.

Lon. I feare these stubborn lines lack power to moue.
O sweet *Maria*, Empresse of my Loue,
These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hose.
Disfigure not his Shop.

Lon. This same shall goe.

He reades the Sonnet:

Did not the heauenly Rhetorick of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perswade my heart to this false periurie?
Vowes for thee broke deserues not punishment.
A woman I forswore, but I will proue,
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.
My vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doest shine,
Exhalest this vapor-vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what foole is not so wise,
To lose an oath, to win a Paradise?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Ber. This is the liuer veine, which makes fleſh a deitie.
A Greene Gooſe, a Coddeſſe, pure pure Idolatrie.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th'way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom ſhall I ſend this (company?) Stay.
Bero. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here ſit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles ſecrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sackes to the myll. O heauens I haue my wiſh,
Dumaine tranſform'd, foure Woodcocks in a diſh.
Dum. O moſt diuine *Kate*.
Bero. O moſt prophane coxcombe.
Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.
Bero. By earth ſhe is not, corporall, there you lye.
Dum. Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted,
Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.
Dum. As vpright as the Cedar.
Ber. Stoope I ſay her ſhoulder is with-child.
Dum. As faire as day.
Ber. I as ſome dayes, but then no Sunne muſt ſhine.
Dum. O that I had my wiſh?
Lon. And I had mine.
Kin. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Amen, ſo I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer ſhe
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be.
Ber. A Feuer in your bloud, why then inciſion
Would let her out in Sawcers, ſweet miſpriſion.
Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can vary Wit.

Dumaine readeshis Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whoſe Month is euery May,
Spied a bloſſome paſſing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Velure, leaues the winde,
All vnſeene, can paſſage finde.

That the Louer ſicke to death,
Wiſh himſelfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph ſo.
But alacke my hand is ſworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,
Youth ſo apt to plucke a ſweete.
Doe not call it ſinne in me,
That I am forſworne for thee.
Thou for whom Ioue *would ſweare,*
Iuno *but an Æthiope were,*
And denie himſelfe for Ioue.
Turning mortall for thy Loue.
This will I ſend, and ſomething elſe more plaine,
That ſhall expreſſe my true-loues faſting paine.
O would the King, *Berowne* and *Longauill*,
Were Louers two, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.
Lon. Dumaine, thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in Loues griefe deſir'ſt ſocietie:
You may looke pale, but I ſhould bluſh I know,
To be ore-heard, and taken napping ſo.
Kin. Come ſir, you bluſh: as his your caſe is ſuch,
You chide at him, offending twice as much,
You doe not Loue *Maria*? *Longauile*,
Did neuer Sonnet for her ſake compile;
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing boſome, to keepe downe his heart.
I haue beene cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh,
And markt you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty Rimes, obſeru'd you faſhion:
Saw ſighes reeke from you, noted well your paſſion.
Aye me, ſayes one! O *Ioue*! the other cries!
On her haires were gold, Chriſtall the others eyes.
You would for Paradiſe breake Faith and troth,
And *Ioue* for your Loue, would infringe an oath.
What will *Berowne* ſay when that he ſhall heare

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Faith infringed: which ſuch zeale did ſweare.
How will he ſcorne? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did ſee,
I would not haue him know ſo much by me.

Bero. Now ſtep I forth to whip Hypocriſie.
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What Grace haſt thou thus to reproue
Theſe wormes for louing, that art moſt in loue?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princeſſe that appeares.
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tuſh, none but Minſtrels like of Sonneting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much ore'ſhot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did ſee:
But I a beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I ſeene.
Of ſighes, of grones, of ſorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what ſtrict patience haue I ſat,
To ſee a King tranformed to a Gnat?
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a Iygge?
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the Boyes,
And *Critick Timon* laugh at idle toyles.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the breſt:
A Candle hoa!

Kin. Too bitter is thy ieſt.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?

Ber Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honeſt, I that hold it ſinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconſtancie.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for *Ioane*? or ſpend a minutes time,
In pruning mee, when ſhall you heare that I will praiſe a hand, a foote

foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breſt, a waſte, a legge, a limme.

Kin. Soft, Whither a-way ſo faſt?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops ſo.

Ber. I poſt from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.

Iaque. God bleſſe the King.

Kin. What preſent haſt thou there?

Clow. Some certaine treaſon.

Kin. What makes treaſon here?

Clo. Nay it makes nothing ſir.

Kin. If it marre nothing neither.
The treaſon and you goe in peace away together.

Iaque. I beſeech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our perſon miſ-doubts it: it was treaſon he ſaid.

Kin. Berowne, read it ouer. *He reads the Letter.*

Kin. Where hadſt thou it?

Iaque. Of *Coſtard*.

King. Where hadſt thou it?

Coſt. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adrimadio*.

Kin. How now, what is in you? why doſt thou teare it?

Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not feare it.

Long. It did moue him to paſſion, and therefore let's heare it.

Dum. It is *Berownes* writing, and heere is his name.

Ber. Ah you whoreſon logger head you were borne to doe me ſhame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confeſſe, I confeſſe.

Kin. What?

Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make vp the meſſe.
He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purſes in loue, and we deſerue to die.
O diſmiſſe this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is euen.

Berow. True true, we are foure: will theſe Turtles be gone

Kin. Hence ſirs, away.

Clo. Walk aſide the true folke, and let the traytors ſtay.

Ber. Sweet Lords, ſweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

As true we are as fleſh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will ſhew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree,
We cannot croſſe the cauſe why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworne.
King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome loue of thine?
Ber. Did they quoth you? Who ſees the heauenly *Roſaline*,
That (like a rude and ſauage man of *Inde.*)
At the firſt opening of the Gorgeous Eaſt,
Bowes not his vaſſall head, and ſtrooken blinde:
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptorie Eagle-ſighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Maieſtie?
Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inſpir'd thee now?
My Loue (her Miſtreſſe) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) ſcarce ſeene a light,
Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*,
O, but for my Loue day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd ſouereignety,
Doe meet as at a Faire in her faire cheeke,
Where ſeuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it ſelfe doth ſeeke.
Lend me the floriſh of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rhetoricke, O ſhe needs it not,
To things of Sale a ſellers praiſe belongs:
She paſſes praiſe, then praiſe too ſhort doth blot,
A withered Hermite, fiueſcore winters worne,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O'tis the Sunne, that maketh all things ſhine.
King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?
A wife of ſuch wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oath? Where is a Booke?
That I may ſweare beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that ſhe learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full ſo blacke.

Kin. O Paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties creſt becomes the heauens well.
Ber. Deuils ſooneſt tempt reſembling ſpirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vſurping haire
Should rauiſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe borne to make black, faire,
Her fauour turnes the faſhion of the dayes,
For natiue bloud is counted painting now.
And therefore red, that would auoyd diſpraiſe,
Paints it ſelfe blacke, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To looke like her are Chimny-ſweepers blacke.
Lon. And ſince her time, are Colliers counted bright.
King. And *Æthiops* of their ſweet complexion cracke.
Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.
Ber. Your Miſtreſſes dare neuer come in raine,
For feare her colours ſhould be waſht away.
Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for ſir to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fairer face not waſht to day.
Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till doomes-day here.
Kin. No Diuell will fright thee then ſo much as ſhee.
Duma. I neuer knew man hold vile ſtuffe ſo deere.
Lon. Looke heer's thy Loue, my foot and her face ſee.
Ber. O if the ſtreetes were paued with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread.
Duma. O vile, then as ſhe goes what vpward lies?
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd ouer head.
Kin. But what of this are we not all in loue?
Ber. O nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworne.
Kin. Then leaue this chat, and good *Berowne* now proue
Our louing, lawfull, and our faith not torne.
Dum. I marry there, ſome flattery for this euill.
Long. O ſome authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the Diuell.
Dum. Some ſalue for periurie.
Ber. O 'tis more then need.
Haue at you then affections men at armes,
Conſider what you firſt did ſweare vnto:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomacks are too young.
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you haue vowd to studie (Lords)
In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.
Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of studies excellence,
Without the beautie of a womans face,
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Academs,
From whence doe spring the true *Promethean* fire,
Why, vniuersall plodding poysons vp,
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The sinnowy vigour of the traueller.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes,
And studie too, the causer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches such beautie as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
Then when our selues we see in Ladies eye,
With our selues.
Doe we not likewise see our Learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,
And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Liege) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out,
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauties tutors haue inricht you with:
Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
And therfore finding barren practizers,
Scarce shew a harueft of their heauie toyle.
But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,
Liues not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all Elements,

Courses as swift as thought in euery power.
And giues to euery power a double power,
Aboue their functions and their offices,
It addes a precious seeing to the eye:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blind.
A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound.
When the suspitious head of theft is stopt.
Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snailes:
Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bacchus* grosse in taste,
For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?
Still climing trees in the *Hesporides*.
Subtill as *Sphinx*: as sweet and musicall
As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his haire.
And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
Make heauen drowsie with the harmonie.
Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write.
Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues sighes:
O then his lines would rauish sauage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Academes,
That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
Else none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then fooles you were, these women to forsweare:
Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles,
For wisdomes sake a word, that all men loue:
Or for loues sake, a word that loues all men.
Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:
Or Womens sake, by whom we men, are Men.
Let's once loose our oathes to find our selues,
Or else we loose our selues, to keepe our oathes:
It is religion to be thus forsworne.
For Charitie it selfe fulfills the Law:
And who can seuer Loue from Charitie.

Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.

Ber. Aduance your standards, and vpon them Lords,
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first aduis'd,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.

Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolue to woe these girles of France?

Kin. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuise,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Ber. First from the Park, let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward euery man attach the hand
Of his faire Mistresse, in the afternoone
We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,
For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merrie houres,
Fore-runne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowers.

Kin. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.

Ber. Alone, alone sowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,
And Iustice alwayes whirles in equall measure:
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsworne,
If so our Copper buyes no better treasure. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. Satis quid sufficit.

Curat. I praise God for you, your reasons at dinner haue beene sharpe and sententious: pleasant without scurrilitie, witty without affection, audacious without impudencie, learned without opinion, and strange without heresie: I did conuerse this *quondam* day with a companion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano, de Armatho.*

Ped. Noui hominum tanquãte, His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptorie, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate maiesticall, and his generall behauiour vaine, ridiculous, and thrasonicall. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Curat. A most singular and choyce Epithat,

Draw out his Table booke,

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbositie, finer then the

the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanaticall phantasims, such insociable and poynt deuise companions, such rackers of ortographie, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d e b t not det: he clepeth a Calf, Cauf: halfe, hauf: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable: it insinuateth me of insamie: *ne intelligis Domine*, to make frantick, lunatick?

Curat. Laus deo, bene intelligo.

Peda. Bome boon for boon prescian, a little scratch, 'twil serue.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. Videsne quis venit?

Peda. Video, & gaudeo.

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. Quari Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Ped. Most militarie sir salutation.

Boy. They haue beene at a great feast of Languages, and stolne scraps.

Clow. O they haue liu'd long on the Almes-basket of words. I marueil thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Mounsier, are you not lettred?

Pag. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab speld backward with the horne on his head?

Peda. Ba, *pueritia* with a horne added.

Pag. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.

Peda. Quis, quis, thou Consonant?

Page. The last of the fiue Vowels if You repeate them, or the fift if I.

Peda. I will repeate them: a e I.

Page. The sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the salt waue of the mediteraneum, a sweet touch, a quicke veine we of wit, snip snap, quick and home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou diſputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *vnum cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one pennie in the world, thou ſhould'ſt haue it to buy Gingerbread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maſter, thou halfe pennie purſe of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of diſcretion. O And the heauens were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my baſtard; what a ioyfull father would'ſt thou make mee? Goe to, thou haſt it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends as they ſay.

Peda. Oh I ſmell falſe Latine, *dunghel*, for *vnguem*.

Brag. *Artſ-man præambulat*, we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charge-houſe on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your ſweete pleaſure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *ſans queſtion*.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the Princeſſe at her Pauillion, in the *poſteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Ped. The *Poſterior* of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſureable for the afternoon: the word is well culd, choſe ſweet, and apt I doe aſſure ſir, I doe aſſure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe aſſure you very good friend: for what is inward betweene vs, let it paſſe. I doe beſeech thee remẽber thy curteſie. I beſeech thee apparrell thy head: and among other importunate & moſt ſerious deſigns, & of great import indeed too: but let that paſſe, for I muſt tell thee it will pleaſe his Grace (by the world) ſometime to leane vpon my poore ſhoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my muſtachio: but ſweete heart let that paſſe. By the world I recount no fable, ſome certaine ſpeciall honours it pleaſeth his greatneſſe to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath ſeene the world: but let that paſſe; the very all of all is: but ſweet heart I doe implore ſecrecie

ſecrecie, that the King would haue mee preſent the Princeſſe (ſweet chucke) with ſome delightfull oſtentation, or ſhow or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, vnderſtanding that the Curate and your ſweet ſelfe are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to craue your aſſiſtance.

Peda. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine Worthies. Sir, *Holofernes*, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to be rendred by our aſſiſtants the Kings command: and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princeſſe: I ſay none ſo fit as to preſent the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthie enough to preſent them?

Peda. *Ioſua*, your ſelfe: my ſelfe, and this Gallant gentleman *Iudas Maccabeus*; this Swaine (becauſe of his great limme or ioynt) ſhall paſſe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon ſir error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, he is not ſo big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? he ſhall preſent *Hercules* in minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpoſe.

Pag. An excellent deuice: ſo if any of the audience hiſſe, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou cruſheſt the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the reſt of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my ſelfe.

Pag. Thrice worthie Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing.

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique, I beſeech you follow.

Ped. *Via* good-man *Dull*, thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor vnderſtood none neither ſir.

Ped. Alone, we will imploy thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will play on the Tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hey.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Ped. Moſt *Dull*, honeſt *Dull*, to our ſport away. *Exit.*

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Looke you, what I haue from the Louing King.

Roſa. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?

Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a ſheet of paper
Writ on both ſides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to ſeale on *Cupids* name.

Roſa. That was the way to make his God-head wax:
For he hath beene fiue thouſand yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I, and a ſhrewd vnhappie gallowes too.

Roſ. You'll neere be friends with him, a kild your ſiſter.

Kath. He made her melancholy, ſad, and heauy, and ſo ſhe died: had ſhe beene Light like you, of ſuch a merrie nimble ſtirring ſpirit, ſhe might a bin a Grandam ere ſhe died. And ſo may you: For a light heart liues long.

Roſ. What's your darke meaning mouſe, of this light word?

Kat. A light condition in a beautie darke.

Roſe. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in ſnuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Roſ. Look what you doe, you doe it ſtill i'th darke.

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Roſ. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Ka. You waigh me not, O that's, you care not for me.

Roſ. Great reaſon: for paſt care, is ſtill paſt cure.

Qu. Well bandied both, a ſet of Wit well played.
But *Roſaline*, you haue a fauour too.
Who ſent it? and what is it?

Roſ. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witneſſe this.
Nay, I haue verſes too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the faireſt Goddeſſe on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairs.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

Qu. Any thing like?

Roſ. Much in the letters, nothing in the praiſe.

Qu. Beauteous, as Incke: a good concluſion.

Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.

Roſ. Ware penſils. How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden Letter.
O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu. A Pox of that ieſt, and I beſhrew all Shrowes:
But *Katherine*, what was ſent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?

Kat. Madame, this Gloue.

Qu. Did he not ſend you twaine?

Kat. Yes Madame and moreouer,
Some thouſand Verſes of a faithfull Louer.
A huge tranſlation of Hypocriſie,
Vildly compiled, profound ſimpliſicitie.

Mar. This, and theſe Pearls, to me ſent *Longauile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Qu. I thinke no leſſe: doſt thou wiſh in heart
The Chaine were Longer, and the Letter ſhort.

Mar. I, or I would theſe hands might neuer part.

Quee. We are wiſe girles to mocke our Louers ſo.

Roſ. They are worſe fooles to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame *Berowne* ile torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and ſeeke,
And waite the ſeaſon, and obſerue the times,
And ſpend his prodigall wits in bootles rimes.
And ſhape his ſeruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proud, to make me proud that ieſts.
So pertaunt like would I o'reſway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my foole, and I his fate.

Qu. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catcht,
As wit turn'd foole, follie in Wiſdome hatch'd:
Hath wiſdomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits one grace to grace a learned Foole?

Roſ. The blood of youth burns not with ſuch exceſſe,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

As Grauities reuolt to wantons be.
Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the wise, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.
Boy. O I am stab'd with laughter, Wher's her grace?
Qu. Thy newes *Boyet*?
Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.
Arme Wenches, arme, incounters mounted are
Against your peace, Loue doth approach, disguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.
Muster your Wits, stand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.
Qu. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they
That charge their breath against vs? Say scout say.
Boy. Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The King and his companions: warely
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer-heard, what you shall ouer-heare:
That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a prettie knauish Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his Embassage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Presence Maiesticall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:
Yet feare not thou, but speake audaciously.
The Boy reply'd, an Angell is not euill:
I should haue fear'd her, had shee beene a deuill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder:
Making the bold wagg by their prayses bolder.
One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and swore,

A better speech was neuer spoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cried all goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter so profound,
That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,
To checke their folly passions solemne teares.
Quee. But what, but what, come they to visit vs?
Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muscouites*, or *Russians*, as I gesse.
Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,
And euery one his Loue-seat will aduance,
Vnto his seuerall Mistres: which they'll know
By fauors seuerall, which they did bestow.
Queen. And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt:
For Ladies; we will euery one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall haue the grace
Despight of suite, to see a Ladies face.
Hold *Rosaline*, this Fauour thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my Sweet, and giue me thine;
So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline*.
And change your Fauours too, so shall your Loues
Woo contrary, deceiu'd by these remoues.
Rosa. Come on then, weare the fauours most in sight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Queene. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
Their seuerall counsels they vnbosome shall,
To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occasion that we meete,
With Visages displayd, to talke and greete,
Rosa. But shall we dance, if they desire vs too't?
Queen. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce his memory from his part.
Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So ſhall we ſtay mocking intended Game,
And they well mockt, depart away with ſhame. *Sound.*
Boy. The Trumpet ſounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter Black-moores with muſicke the Boy with a ſpeech, and the reſt of the Lords diſguiſed.

Page, All haile the richeſt Beauties on the earth.
Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Pag. A holy parcell of the faireſt dames that euer turn'd their backes to mortall viewes.
The Ladies turne their backes to him.
Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes. Out
Boy. True, out indeed.
Pag. Out of your fauours heauenly ſpirits vouchſafe
Not to beholde.
Ber. Once to behold, rogue.
Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne-beamed eyes,
With your Sunne-beamed eyes.
Boy. They will not anſwer to that Epithite,
You were beſt call it daughter beamed eyes.
Pag. They doe not marke me, and that brings me out.
Bero. Is this your perfectneſſe? be gon you rogue.
Roſa. What would theſe ſtrangers?
Know their mindes *Boyet.*
If they doe ſpeake our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plaine man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. What would they, ſay they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſa. Why that they haue, and bid them ſo be gon.

Boy.

Boy. Shee ſayes you haue it, and you may be gon.
Kin. Say to her we haue meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a Meaſure with you on the graſſe.
Boy. They ſay that they haue meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a Meaſure with you on this graſſe.
Roſa. It is not ſo. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they haue meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſlie told.
Boy. If to come hither you haue meaſur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princeſſe bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?
Ber. Tell her we meaſure them by weary ſteps.
Boy. She heares her ſelfe.
Roſa. How many weary ſteps,
Of many weary miles you haue ore-gone,
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?
Bero. We number nothing that we ſpend for you,
Our dutie is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may doe it ſtill without accompt,
Vouchſafe to ſhew the Sunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſauages) may worſhip it.
Roſa. My face is but a Moone and clouded too.
Kin. Bleſſed are clouds, to doe as ſuch clouds do.
Vouchſafe bright moone, and theſe thy ſtars to ſhine,
(Thoſe clouds remoued) vpon our watrie eyne.
Roſa. O vaine peticioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requeſts but Mooneſhine in the water.
Kin. Then in our meaſure, vouchſafe but one change.
Thou bid'ſt me begge, this begging is not ſtrange.
Roſa. Play muſicke then, nay you muſt doe it ſoone.
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.
Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus eſtranged?
Roſa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now ſhe's changed?
Kin. Yet ſtill ſhe is the Moone, and I the Man.
Roſa. The muſicke playes, vouchſafe ſome motion to it:
Our eares vouchſafe it.
Kin. But your legges ſhould doe it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, and come heere by chance,
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

Kin.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Kin. Why take you hands then?
Rosa. Onely to part friends.
Curteſie ſweet hearts, and ſo the Meaſure ends.
Kin. More meaſure of this meaſure, be not nice.
Rosa. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.
Kin. Priſe your ſelues: What buyes your companies?
Rosa. Your abſence onely.
Kin. That can neuer be.
Rosa. Then cannot we be bought: and ſo adue,
Twice to your Viſore, and halfe once to you.
Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.
Rosa. In priuate then.
Kin. I am beſt pleas'd with that.
Be. White-handed Miſtris, one ſweet word with thee.
Qu. Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.
Ber. Nay then two treyes, and if you grow ſo nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmeſey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen ſweets.
Qu. Seuenth ſweet adue, ſince you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.
Ber. One word in ſecret.
Qu. Let it not be ſweet.
Ber. Thou grieu'ſt my gall.
Qu. Gall bitter.
Ber. Therefore meete.
Du. Will you vouchſafe with mee to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Faire Ladie.
Mar. Say you ſo? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.
Du. Pleaſe it you,
As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your Vizard made without a tong?
Long. I know the reaſon Lady why you aske.
Mar. O for your reaſon, quickly ſir, I long.
Long. You haue a double tongue within your mask.
And would affoord my ſpeechleſſe vizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?

Mar.

Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.
Long. Looke how you but your ſelfe in theſe ſharpe mo
Will you giue hornes chaſt Ladie? Do not ſo.
Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.
Lon. One word in priuate with you ere I die.
Mar. Bleat ſoftly then; the Butcher heares you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keene
As is the Razors edge, inuiſible:
Cutting a ſmaller haire then may be ſeene,
Aboue the ſence of ſence ſo ſenſible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,
Fleeter then arrowes, bullets, wind, thought, ſwifter things.
Rosa. Not one word more, my maides, breake off, breake off.
Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure ſcoffe.
King. Farewell madde Wenches you haue ſimple wits.

Exeunt.

Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muſcouites.
Are theſe the breed of wits ſo wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your ſweet breathes puft out.
Rosa. Wel-liking wits they haue, groſſe, groſſe, fat, fat.
Qu. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout,
Will they not (thinke you) hang themſelues to night?
Or euer but in vizardes ſhew their faces:
This pert *Berowne* was out of count'nance quite.
Rosa. They were all in lamentable caſes.
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.
Qu. *Berowne* did ſweare himſelfe out of all ſute.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my ſeruice, and his ſword:
No poynt (quoth I:) my ſeruant ſtraight was mute.
Ka. Lord *Longauill* ſaid I came ore his heart:
And trow you what he call'd me?
Qu. Qualme perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Qu. Go ſickneſſe as thou art.
Ros. Well better wits haue worne plaine ſtatute caps,
But will you heare; the King is my loue ſworne.

Qu.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty Mistresses giue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.
Qu. Will they returne?
Boy. They will, they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes;
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Roses in this summer aire,
Qu. How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderstood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.
Qu. Auant perplexitie; What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?
Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduis'd,
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heere,
Disguis'd like Muscouites in shapelesse geare:
And wonder what they weare, and to what end
Their shallow showes, and prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, with draw: the gallants are at hand.
Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runne ore Land.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God saue you. Wher's the Princesse?
Boy. Gone to her tent.
Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her,
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word,
Boy. I will and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit, as Pigeons pease,
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,

At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings, Markets, Faires:
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeue.
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eue*.
He can carue too, and lispe: Why this is he.
That kist away his hand in courtesie.
This is the Ape of forme, Monsier the nice.
That when he playes at Tables, chides the Dice
In honourable tearmes, nay he can sing
A meane most meanly, and in Vshering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweet.
The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.
This is the flower that smiles on euery one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And consciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the duty of honie-tongued *Boyet*.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my hart,
That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behauiour what wer't thou.
Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?
King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.
Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Qu. Then wish me better, I will giue leaue.
King. We came to visit you and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
Qu. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow,
Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:
The vertue of your eye must breake my oath.
Qu. You nickname vertue: vice you should haue spoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the vnsallied Lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heauenly oath, vow'd with integritie.
Kin. O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,
Vnseene, vnuisited, much to our shame.
Qu. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We haue had pastimes heere and pleasant game,
A messe of Russions left vs but of late.
Kin. How Madam? Russians?
Qu. I in truth my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.
Rosa. Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
In curtesie giues vndeseruing praise.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Russia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not blesse vs with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles: but this I thinke.
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.
Ber. This iest is drie to me. Gentle sweet,
Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greet
With eyes best seeing, heauens fiery eye:
By light we loose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store,
Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.
Ros. This proues you wise and rich: for in my eye.
Ber. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I possesse.
Ros. All the foole mine.
Ber. I cannot giue you lesse.
Ros. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
Ber. Where? when? what Vizard?
Why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.
Kin. We are discried,
They'll mocke vs now downeright.

Du.

Du. Let vs confesse and turne it to a iest.
Que. Amaz'd my Lord, Why lookes your Higneſſe sadde?
Rosa. Helpe hold his browes, he'l sound: why looke you pale?
Sea-sicke I thinke, comming from Muscouie.
Ber. Thus poure the starres down plagues for periury.
Can any face of brasse hold longer out,
Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout.
Thrust thy scarpe wit quite through my ignorance.
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
And I will wish thee neuer more to dance,
Nor neuer more in Russian habit waite.
O! neuer will I trust to speeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boyes tongue,
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers song.
Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;
Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forsweare them, and I heere protest,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my woing minde shall be expresst
In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.
And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,
My loue to thee is sound, *sans* cracke or flaw.
Rosa. Sans, sans, I pray you.
Ber. Yet I haue a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees: soft, let vs see,
Write *Lord haue mercy on vs*, on those three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies:
They haue the plague, and caught of your eyes:
These Lords are visited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you doe I see.
Qu. No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.
Ber. Our states are forfeit, seeke not to vndoe vs.
Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Ber.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Ber. Peace, for I will not haue to doe with you.
Roſ. Nor ſhall not, if I doe as I intend.
Ber. Speake for your ſelues, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach vs ſweet Madame, for our rude tranſgreſſion, ſome faire excuſe.
Qu. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here but euen now diſguis'd?
Kin. Madam, I was.
Qu. And were you well aduis'd?
Kin. I was faire Madam.
Qu. When you then were heere,
What did you whiſper in your Ladies eare?
King. That more then all the world I did reſpect her.
Qu. When ſhe ſhall challenge this you will reiect her.
King. Vpon mine Honour no.
Qu. Peace, peace, forbeare:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forſweare.
King. Deſpiſe me when I breake this oath of mine.
Qu. I will and therefore keepe it *Roſaline*,
What did the Ruſſian whiſper in your eare?
Roſ. Madam, he ſwore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-ſight, and did value me
Aboue this world: adding thereto moreouer,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my Louer.
Qu. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Moſt honourably doth vphold his word.
Kin. What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth,
I neuer ſwore this Ladie ſuch an oth.
Roſ. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine
you gaue me this: But take it ſir againe.
King. My faith and this, the Princeſſe I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her ſleeue.
Qu. Pardon me ſir, this Iewell did ſhe weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?
Ber. Neither of either I remit both twaine.
I ſee the tricke on't: Heere was a conſent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To diſh it like a Chriſtmas Comedie.
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight Zanie,
Some mumble-newes, ſome trencher-knight, ſome Dick,
That ſmiles his cheeke in yeeres, and knowes the trick
To make my Ladie laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd;
Told our intents before: which once diſclos'd,
The Ladies did change Fauours, and then we
Following the ſignes, woo'd but the ſigne of ſhe.
Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,
We are againe forſworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis: and might not you
Foreſtall our ſport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Doe you not know my Ladies foot by'th ſquier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eye.
And ſtand betweene her backe ſir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, ieſting merrilie?
You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.
Die when you will, a ſmocke ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leere vpon me, doe you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden ſword.
Boy. Full merrily hath this braue Manager, this carreere bene run.
Ber. Loe, he is tilting ſtraight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'ſt a faire fray.
Clo. O Lord ſir, they would know.
Whether the three Worthies ſhall come in, or no.
Ber. What, are there but three?
Clo. No ſir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one purſents three.
Ber. And three times thrice is nine.
Clo. Not ſo ſir, vnder correction ſir, I hope it is not ſo.
You cannot beg vs ſir, I can aſſure you ſir, we know what we know: I hope ſir three times thrice ſir.
Ber. Is not nine.
Clow. Vnder correction ſir, we know where-vntill it doth amount.
Ber. By Ioue, I alwayes tooke three threes for nine.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Clow. O Lord ſir, it were pittie you ſhould get your liuing by reckning ſir.

Ber. How much is it?

Clow. O Lord ſir, the parties themſelues, the actors ſir will ſhew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as they ſay, but to perfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great ſir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clow. It pleaſed them to thinke me worthy of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am to ſtand for him,

Ber. Go, bid them prepare. *Exit.*

Clo. We will turne it finely off ſir, we will take ſome care.

King. Berowne, they will ſhame vs:
Let them not approach.

Ber. We are ſhame-proofe my Lord: and 'tis ſome policie, to haue one ſhew worſe then the Kings and his company.

Kin. I ſay they ſhall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how.
Where Zeale ſtriues to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it preſents:
Their forme confounded, makes moſt forme in mirth,
When great things labouring periſh in their birth,

Ber. A right deſcription of our ſport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annoynted, I implore ſo much expence of thy royall ſweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.

Qu. Doth this man ſerue God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He ſpeak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one, my faire ſweet honie Monarch: For I proteſt the Schoolmaſter is exceeding fantaſticall: Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put it (as they ſay) to *Fortuna de la guar*, I wiſh you the peace of minde moſt royall complement.

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of Worthies; He preſents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* the great, the Pariſh

Pariſh Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*, the Pedant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if theſe foure Worthies in their firſt ſhew thriue, theſe foure will change habites, and preſent the other fiue.

Ber. There is fiue in the firſt ſhew.

Kin. You are deceiued, tis not ſo.

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Prieſt, the foole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out fiue ſuch, take each one in's vaine.

Kin. The ſhip is vnder ſaile, and here ſhe comes amain.

Enter Pompey.

Clow. I Pompey am.

Ber. You lie, you are not he.

Clow. I Pompey am.

Boy. With Libbards head on knee.

Ber. Well ſaid old mocker,
I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Clow. I Pompey am, Pompey ſurnam'd the big.

Du. The great.

Clow. It is great ſir: *Pompey ſurnam'd the great:*
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my foe to ſweat:
And trauelling along this coaſt, I heere am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this ſweet Laſſe of France.
If your Ladiſhip would ſay thankes *Pompey*, I had done.

La. Great thankes great *Pompey*.

Clow. Tis not ſo much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I made a litle fault in great.

Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey proues the beſt Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liu'd, I was the worlds Commander:
By Eaſt, Weſt, North, & South, I ſpred my conquering might.
My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Aliſander.

Boyet. Your noſe ſayes no, you are not:
For it ſtands too right.

Ber. Your noſe ſmels no, in this moſt tender ſmelling Knight.

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Qu. The Conqueror is dismaid:
Proceed good *Alexander*.

Cur. When in the world I lined, I was the worlds Commander.
Boyet. Most true, 'tis right: you were so *Alisander*.
Ber. Pompey the great.
Clo. Your seruant and *Costard*.
Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander*.
Clow. O sir you haue ouerthrowne *Alisander* the conqueror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close-stoole, will be giuen to Aiax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror? and afraid to speake? Runne away for shame *Alisander*. There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, and soone dasht. He is a maruellous good neighbour in sooth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Alisandar*, alas you see, how it's a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming will speake their minde in some other sort. *Exit Clu.*
Qu. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is presented by this Impe.
Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
Quoniam, he seemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe some state in thy *Exit*, and vanish. *Exit Boy.*
Ped. Iudas *I am*.
Dum. A Iudas?
Ped. Not *Iscariot* sir.
Iudas I am, yclyped Machabeus.
Dum. Iudas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Iudas.
Ber. A kissing Traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas*?
Ped. Iudas I am.
Dum. The more shame for you *Iudas*.
Ped. What meane you sir.?
Boy. To make *Iudas* hang himselfe.
Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.
Ber. Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped.

Ped. I will not be put of countenance.
Ber. Because thou hast no face.
Ped. What is this?
Boy. A Cittern head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Ber. A deaths face in a ring.
Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene.
Boy. The Pummell of *Cæsars* Faulchion.
Dum. The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske.
Ber. Saint Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.
Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.
Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance.
Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.
Ber. False, we haue giuen thee faces.
Ped. But you haue out-fac'd them all.
Ber. And thou wert a Lion, we would do so.
Boy. Therefore as he is an Asse, let him goe:
And so adieu sweet *Iude*. Nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Ber. For the *Asse* to the *Iude*: giue it him. *Iud-as* away.
Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boy. A light for mounsier *Iudas*, it growes dark, he may stumble.
Que. Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath he beene baited.

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in Armes.
Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.
King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.
Boy. But is this *Hector*?
Kin. I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd.
Lon. His legge is too big for *Hector*.
Dum. More Calfe certaine.
Boy. No he is best indued in the small.
Ber. This cannot be *Hector*.
Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.
Ber. The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, gaue Hector *a gift.*

 Dum.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.
Ber. A Lemmon.
Lon. Stucke with Cloues.
Dum. No clouen.
Brag. The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,
Gaue Hector a gift, the heire of Ilion;
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morne till night, out of his Pauillion.
I am that Flower.
Dum. That Mint.
Long. That Cullambine.
Brag. Sweet Lord *Longauill*, reine thy tongue.
Lon. I must rather giue it the reine: for it runs against *Hector.*
Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound.
Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried:
But I will forward with my deuice;
Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steps forth.

Qu. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.
Brag. I doe adore thy sweet Graces slipper.
Boy. Loues her by the foot.
Dum. He may not by the yard.
Brag. This Hector farre surmounted Hannibal.
The partie is gone.
Clow. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two moneths on her way.
Brag. What meanest thou?
Clow. Faith vnlesse you play the honest Troyan, the poore Wench is cast away: she's quicke, the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours
Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates?
Thou shalt die.
Clow. Then shall Hector be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.
Dum. Most rare *Pompey.*
Boy. Renowned *Pompey.*
Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great, *Pompey*: *Pompey* the huge.

Dum. Hector trembles.
Ber. Pompey is moued, more Atees more Atees stirre them, or stirre them on.
Dum. Hector will challenge him.
Ber. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly, then will sup a Flea.
Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.
Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile slash, Ile doe it by the sword: I pray you let me borrow my Armes againe.
Dum. Roome for the incensed Worthies.
Clo. Ile doe it in my shirt.
Dum. Most resolute *Pompey.*
Pag. Master, let me take you a butten hoole lower: Do you not see *Pompey* is vncasing for the combat: what meane you? you will lose your reputation.
Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my shirt.
Du. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.
Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.
Ber. What reason haue you for't?
Brag. The naked truth of it is, I haue no shirt.
I go woolward for penance.
Boy. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: since when, Ile besworne he wore none, but a dishclout of *Iaquenettas*, and that he weares next his heart for a fauour.

Enter a Messenger, Mounsier Marcade.

Mar. God saue you Madame.
Qu. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interruptest our merriment.
Marc. I am sorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heauy in my tongue. The King your father.
Qu. Dead for my life.
Mar. Euen so: My tale is told.
Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.
Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I haue seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier. *Exeunt Worthies.*
Kin. How fare's your Maiestie?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Qu. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night.
Kin. Madam not ſo, I doe beſeech you ſtay.
Qu. Prepare I ſay. I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeuours and intreats:
Out of a new ſad-ſoule, that you vouchſafe,
In your rich wiſdome to excuſe, or hide,
The liberall oppoſition of our ſpirits,
If ouer-boldly we haue borne our ſelues,
In the conuerſe of breath (your gentleneſſe
Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:
A heauy heart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuſe me ſo, comming ſo ſhort of thankes,
For my great ſuite ſo eaſily obtain'd.
Kin. The extreame parts of time, extreamely formes
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed:
And often at his verie looſe decides
That, which long proceſſe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the ſmiling curteſie of Loue:
The holy ſuite which faine it would conuince,
Yet ſince Loues argument was firſt on foote,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow iuſtle it
From what it purpos'd: ſince to waile friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholſome, profitable,
As to reioyce at friends but newly found.
Qu. I vnderſtand you not, my greefes are double.
Ber. Honeſt plaine words, beſt pierce the eares of griefe
And by theſe badges vnderſtand the King.
For your faire ſakes haue we neglected time,
Plaid foule play with our oathes: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs, faſhioning our humors
Euen to the oppoſed end of our intents.
And what in vs hath ſeem'd ridiculous:
As Loue is full of vnbefitting ſtraines,
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eie.
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of formes
Varying in ſubiects as the eie doth roule,
To euerie varied obiect in his glance:

Which partie-coated preſence of looſe loue.
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,
Haue misbecomm'd our oathes and grauities.
Thoſe heauenly eyes that looke into theſe faults,
Suggeſted vs to make: therefore Ladies
Our Loue being yours, the error that Loue makes
Is likewiſe yours, we to our ſelues proue falſe,
By being once falſe, for euer to be true.
To thoſe that make vs both, Faire Ladies you,
And euen that falſhood in it ſelfe a ſinne,
Thus purifies it ſelfe, and turnes to grace.
Qu. We haue receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue;
Your Fauours, the Ambaſſadors of Loue.
And in our maiden counſaile rated them,
At courtſhip, pleaſant, ieſt, and curteſie,
As bumbaſt and as lining to the time,
But more deuout then theſe are our reſpects
Haue we not beene, and therefore met your loues
In their owne faſhion, like a merriment.
Du. Our Letters Madam, ſhew'd much more then ieſt.
Lon. So did our lookes.
Roſa. We did not coat them ſo.
Kin. Now at the lateſt minute of the houre,
Grant vs your loues.
Qu. A time me thinkes too ſhort,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in;
No, no my Lord your grace is periur'd much;
Full of deare guiltineſſe, and therefore this:
If for my Loue (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will doe ought, this ſhall you doe for me.
Your oath I will not truſt: but goe with ſpeed
To ſome forlorne and naked Hermitage
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world:
There ſtay, vntill the twelue Celeſtiall Signes
Haue brought about their annuall reckoning,
If this auſtere inſociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudie bloſſomes of your Loue,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

But that it beare this triall, and laſt loue:
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by theſe deſerts,
And by this Virgin Palme, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine: and till that inſtant ſhut
My wofull ſelfe vp in a mourning houſe,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death,
If this thou doe denie, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the others heart.

Kin. If this, or more then this I would denie.
To flatter vp theſe powers of mine with reſt,
The ſodaine hand of death cloſe vp mine eye,
Hence euer then, my heart is in thy breſt.

Ber. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Roſe. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rack'd.
You are attaint with faults and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauour meane to get,
A twelue moneth ſhall you ſpend, and neuer reſt,
But ſeeke the wearie beds of people ſicke.

Du. But what to me my Loue? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honeſtie,
With three-fold loue, I wiſh you all theſe three.

Du. O ſhall I ſay, I thanke you gentle wife?

Kat. Not ſo my Lord, a twelue moneth and a day,
Ile marke no words that ſmoothfac'd wooers ſay.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you ſome.

Dum. Ile ſerue thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet ſweare not leaſt ye be forſworne agen.

Lon. What ſaies *Maria*?

Mari. At the twelue moneths end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Lon. Ile ſtay with patience: but the time is long.

Mari. The liker you, few taller are ſo yong.

Ber. Studies my Lady? Miſtreſſe, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye:
What humble ſuite attends thy anſwere there,
Impoſe ſome ſeruice on me for my loue

Roſ. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I ſaw you, and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man repleate with mockes,
Full of compariſons, and wounding floutes:
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit,
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you pleaſe,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You ſhall this twelmoneth terme from day to day,
Viſite the ſpeechleſſe ſicke, and ſtill conuerſe
With groaning wretches: and your taske ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.

Ber. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impoſſible.
Mirth cannot moue a ſoule in agony.

Roſ. Why that's the way to choake a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:
A ieſts proſperitie lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly eares,
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare groones,
Will heare your idle ſcornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that faulte withall.
But if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhall finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.

Ber. A twelue moneth? Well: befall what will befall,
Ile ieſt a twelue moneth in an Hoſpitall.

Qu. I ſweet my Lord, and ſo I take my leaue.

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Ber. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: theſe Ladies curteſie
Might well haue made our ſport a Comedie.

Kin. Come ſir, it wants a twelue moneth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Ber. That's too long for a play.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.491) Octavo

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maieſtie vouchſafe me.
Qu. Was that Hector?
Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.
Brag. I will kiſſe thy royall finger, and take leaue. I am a Vocarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to hold the Plough for her ſweet loue three yeares. But moſt eſteemed greatneſſe, will you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praiſe of the Owle and the Cuckow? It ſhould haue followed in the end of our ſhew.
Kin. Call them forth quickely, we will doe ſo.
Brag. Holla, approach.

Enter all.

This ſide is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th'other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daſies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-ſmockes all ſiluer-white,
Doe paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euery tree,
Mockes married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten ſtrawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their ſummer Smockes:
The Cuckow then on euery tree
Mockes married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Iſicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepheard blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coſſing drownes the Parſons ſaw:
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marrians noſe lookes red and raw:
When roaſted Crabs hiſſe in the bowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle,
Tu-whit to-who:
A merrie note.
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag. The words of Mercurie,
Are harſh after the ſongs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

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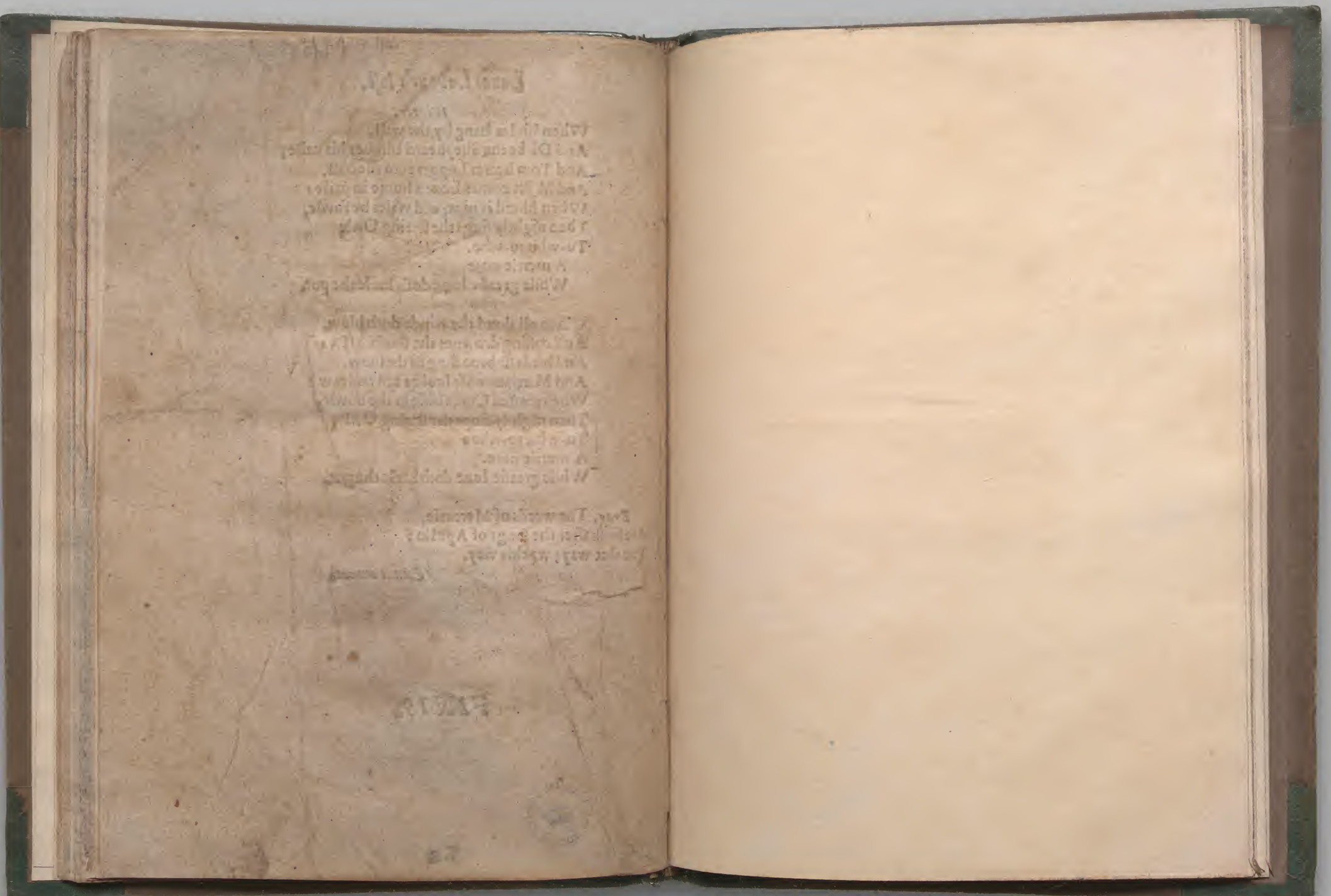

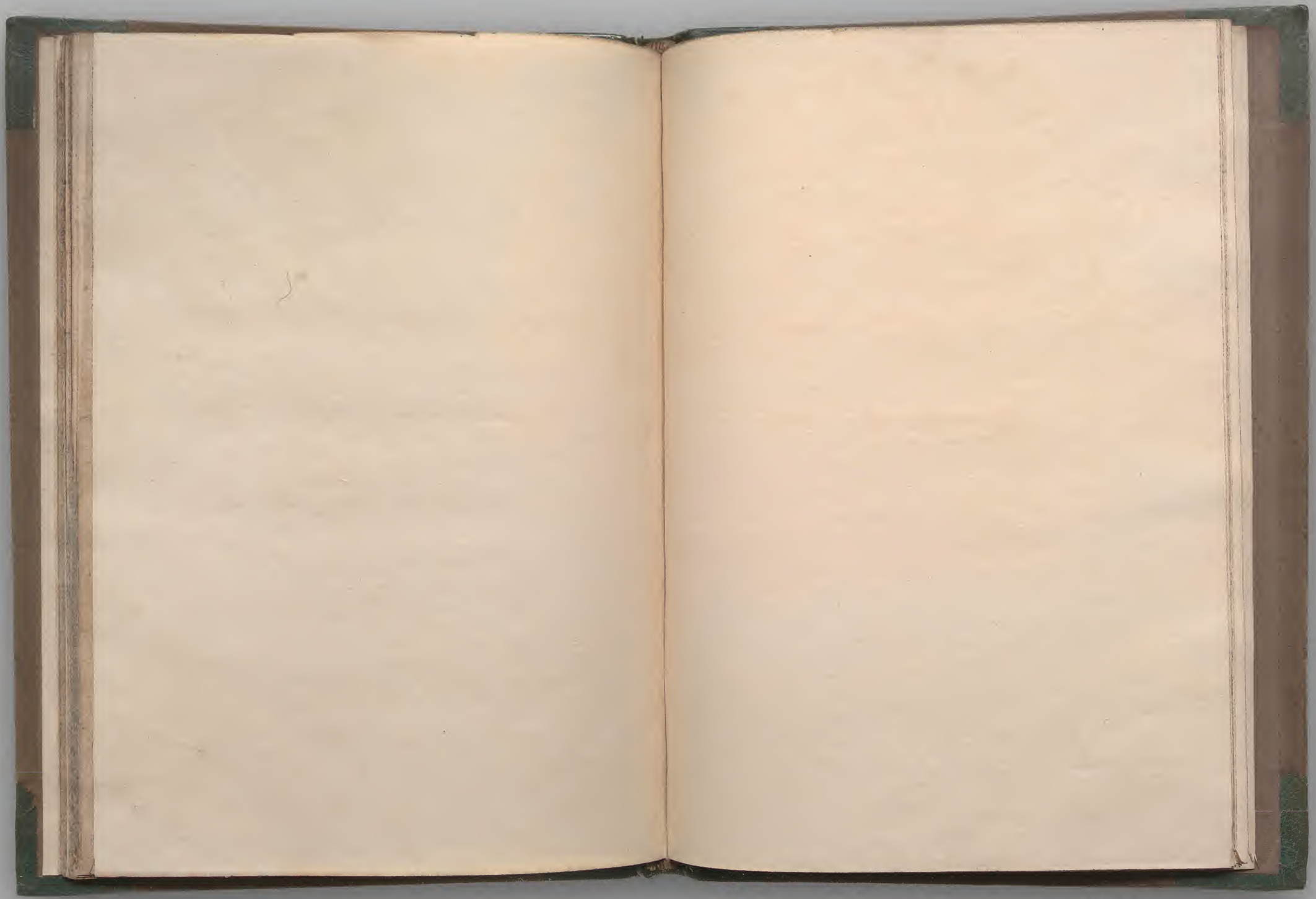

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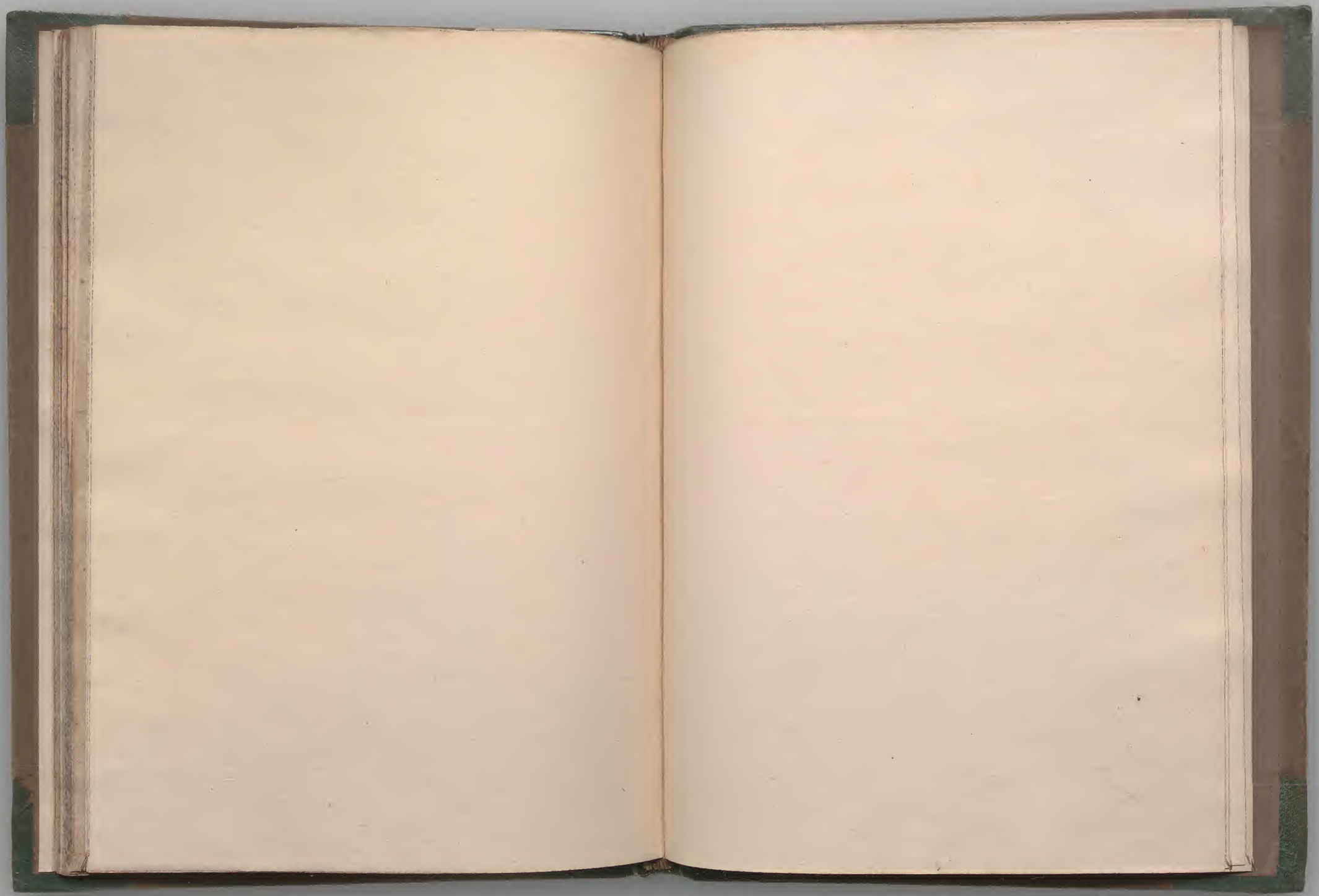

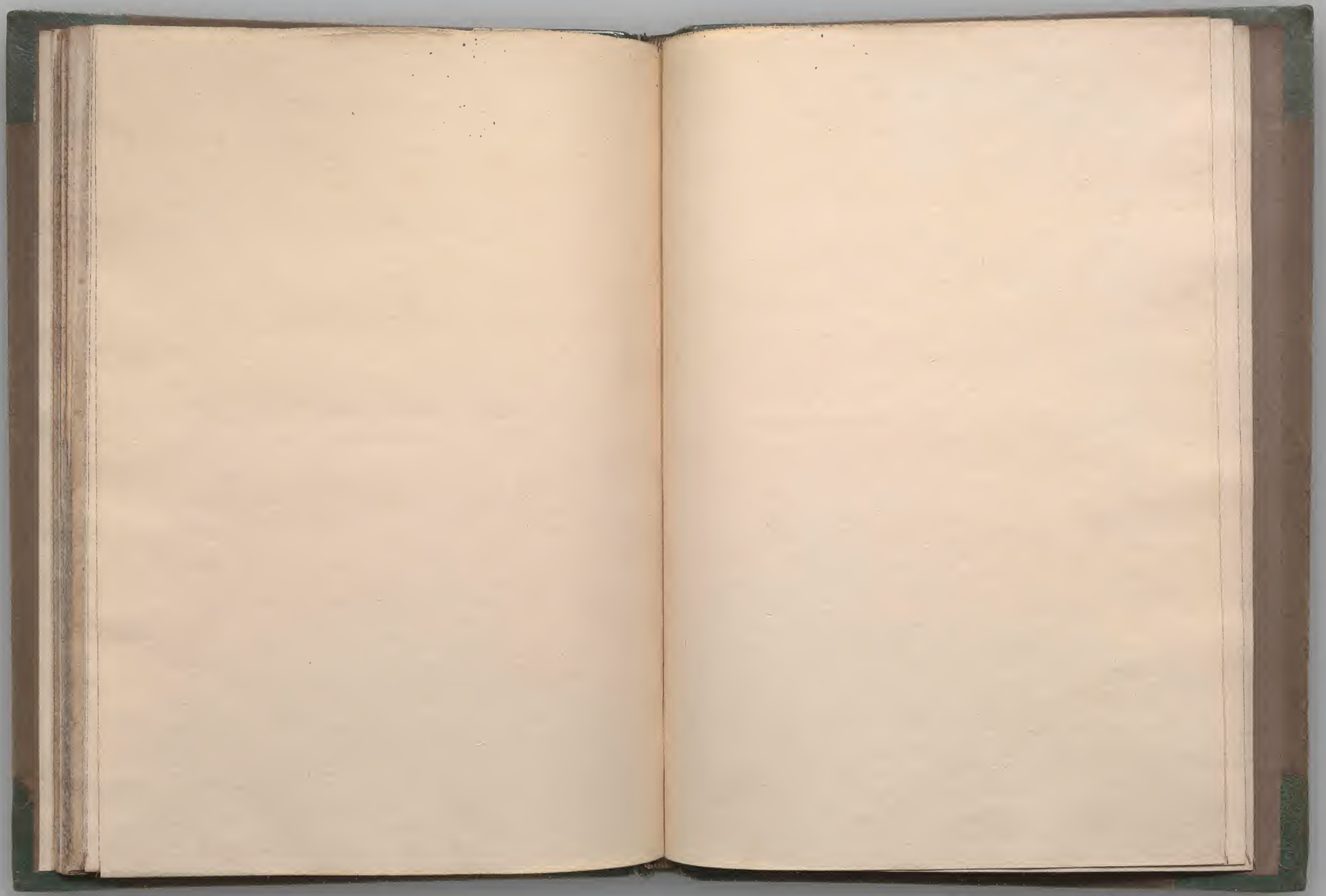

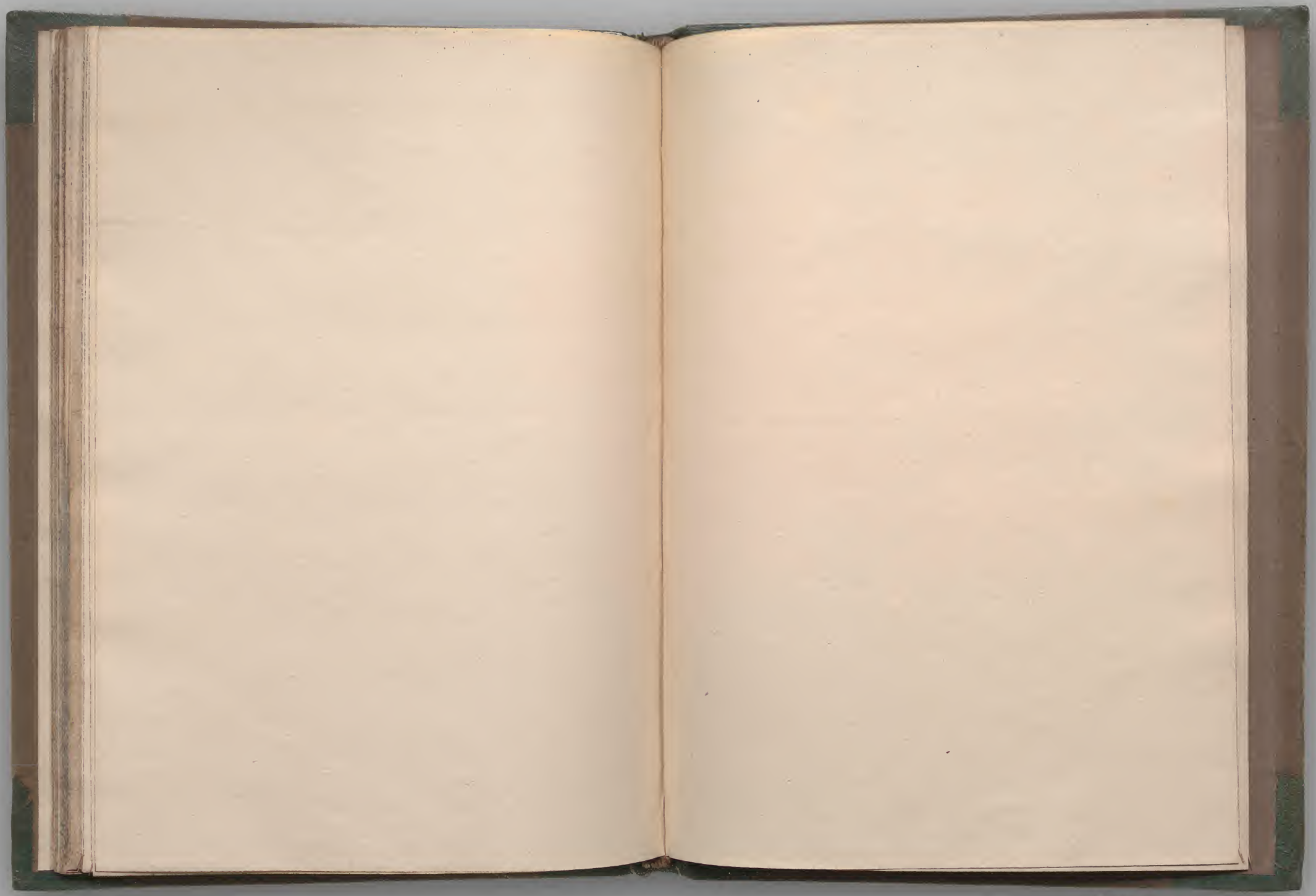

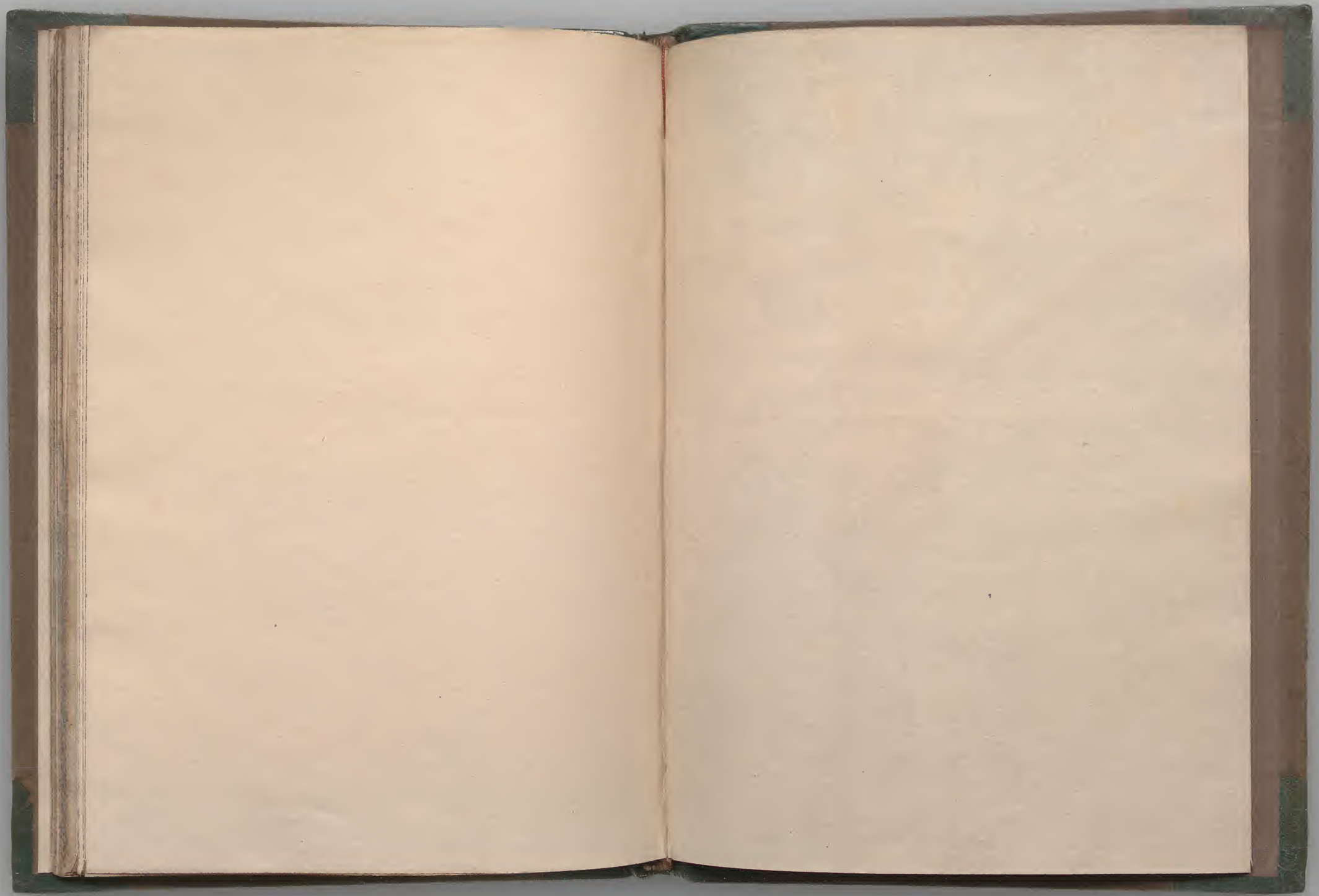

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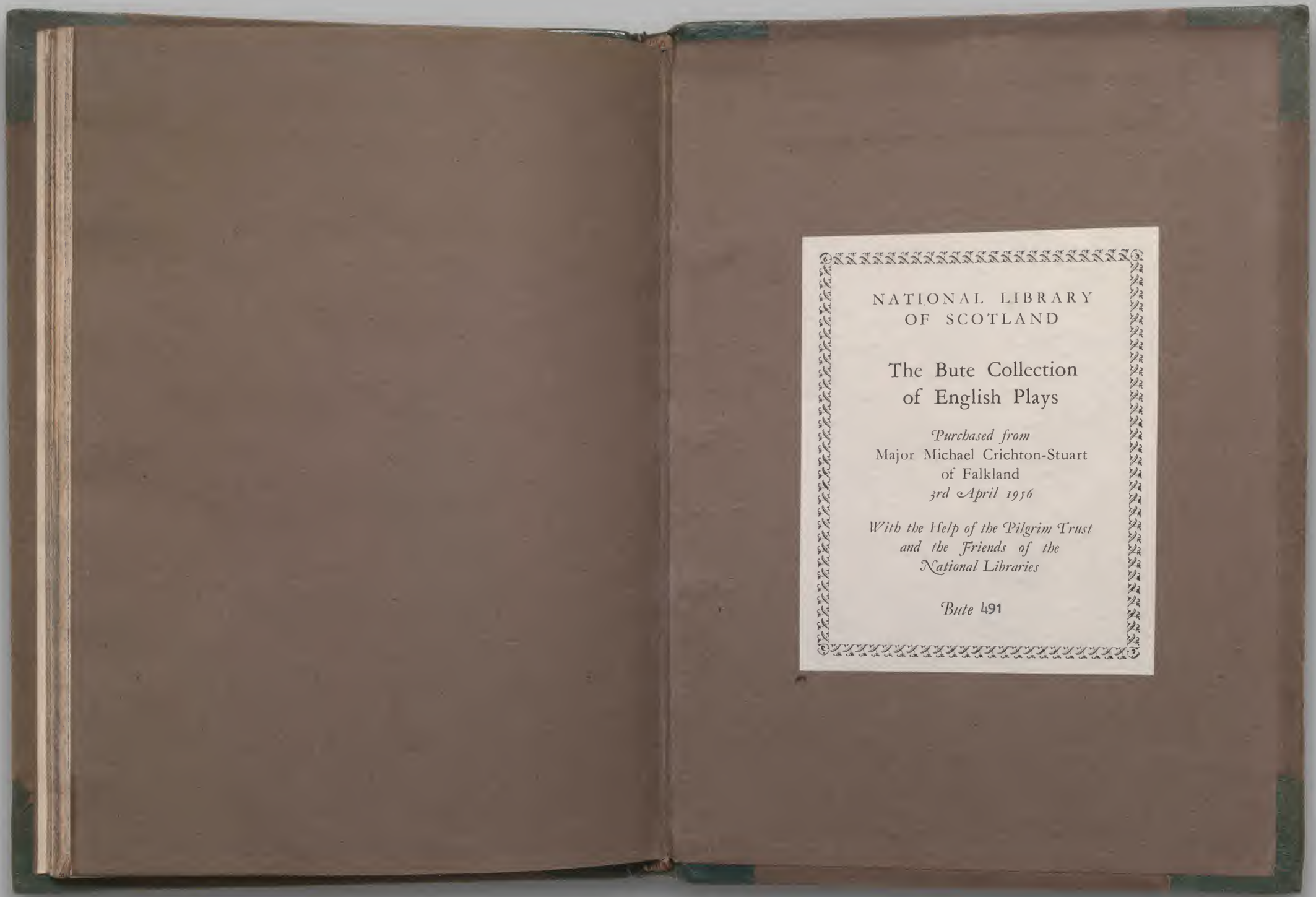

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